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P O R T F O L I O

OF AN

A R T I S T.

BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

PHILADELPHIA:

HENRY PERKINS, 134 CHESTNUT ST.

BOSTON:—PERKINS AND MARVIN,
114 Washington Street.

1839.



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PREFACE.

THE beautiful creations of this wonderful world are chiefly manifested through the sense of sight, and especially all that relates to form and colour, distance, light, and shade ; with every variation incidental to night and day ; through mist and fog ; in the dim twilight ; by the lamp's mellow beam ; the cool reflection of the moon ; or the copious outpourings of the glorious sun. All these variations of objects and effects are minutely pictured on the retina of the eye, at the instant of their occurrence ; and afford pleasure as much by their immediate novelty as their truth,—the novelty of their endless combinations, and the undeviating truth and certainty of their impressions. These constitute a succession of pictures, which not only gratify us by their beauty and perfection at the moment of perception, but continue to delight the imagination, as they are afterwards reproduced by the memory, and contemplated in the mind,—a moving mental gallery. Thus manifestly has it been the design of a beneficent Creator to endow us with the means of a rational, innocent, and most abundant enjoyment, which it is gratitude to receive and wisdom to employ.

The other senses, however highly they may be prized, are productive of inferior enjoyments, though essential to existence ; as the proper nourishment of our bodies might be neglected, but for the stimulation of hunger, and the

gratification of taste ; and we should suffer many inconveniences without the monitions of hearing and feeling. The blind can but grope their restricted way through the gloom of utter darkness ; yet experience consolation from the cultivation and refinement of their senses of touch and hearing. Much, however, as the blind and the deaf have their states of melancholy privation improved by the benevolence of instruction, their condition is infinitely inferior to that of those who enjoy the comprehensive sense of vision, which concentrates within themselves, from the world without, the beauties of creation,—the perfect works of the “ all-seeing eye.”

The sense of smell, though serving as a guard to health, derives its greatest interest from associations that belong to poetry and picture ; for it is the sight which enhances the enjoyment of the violet-scented gale of spring, the aromatic perfume of the orange grove, the fragrant atmosphere diffused around the magnificent magnolia grandiflora, the sweet of purple blooming clover, the honey-scented plains of the waving buckwheat, or the pleasant effluvia from the new-made hay ;—take away the pictures, the poetry, and the music which are associated with the scenes of these odours, and the smell alone will soon be cloyed by indulgence.

It is the duty of the sojourner who gravitates upon earth, not only to see that he does not stumble, but to derive pleasure from the sight even of the rugged path, the frowning precipice, and the deep but silent moving stream ; not to limit his thoughts merely to substances within his palpable reach, but, with rapid glance and without fatigue, to range over distant fields, or climb the pathless mountain ; not merely to occupy the earth he

treads on, but to be conscious of an undisputed right of property in the vast concave above him ;—in its clear expanse, its splendid scenery of fleecy clouds, in the sublimity and grandeur of its storms, and in the magnificent structures of its gorgeous sunsets.

Almost every human being participates in some degree in these enjoyments ; but in their fullest extent they are derived from the refinement of taste, and appertain to cultivated minds. The necessities of life unquestionably demand our first care and labour, but should not so entirely enslave us that we can perceive no beauty in the graceful corn before it is cut down to furnish our tables with bread ; nor should the appetite for meat engross our faculties to disregard the landscape which is animated with herds, unconscious of their doom. But chiefly is it our privilege to derive from social connexions the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible,—from the contemplation of beauty and innocence ; strength and character ; form and expression ; grace and dignity ;—in the aspect of single figures, or the endless variety of groups, produced by accident or design, in the multitudinous occupations of our species. These are portraits to the eye and mind, or family groups, or conversation pieces, or historic compositions,—painted without affectation or false colouring ; models of perfection for the study of the artist or amateur ; and pictures of life which furnish interest and embellishment to existence.

Hence the power and influence of the fine arts, deservedly so called, to distinguish them from the coarse arts, which administer merely to our necessities. The animal man wants nothing more than the rudest furniture for his savage wigwam ; but even there is to be found

some indications of refinement, in the ornamented war-club, sculptured canoe, or painted buffalo robe. In our superior state of civilization, how much greater is our enjoyment in contemplating the magnificence of architecture, the wonders of sculpture, and the charms and mysteries of painting ! Every day adds to the perfection of our accommodations ; and a corresponding development of the faculties of mind in the discoveries of science and the inventions of art, convince us that refinement of intellect and taste is the peculiar prerogative and destination of man. Thus honestly he becomes the noblest work of God ; for he cannot be truly said to be honest who does not pay a just degree of attention to the claims of beauty, truth, and character ; nor does he show his right of possession, whilst he is deficient in the expression of gratitude for the bounties of Providence, who has given him an eye to see and a mind to comprehend.

Music, poetry, and painting exalt our animal existence infinitely above the brute creation, and cheer and recreate us in periods of relaxation from the drudgery of business, or the sublime abstractions of scientific research. Music thrills us with the pictures of sound in combinations of endless variety ; painting perpetuates the transient harmonies of form and colour ; and poetry, while it delineates the picture, inspires it with life by measure, sound, and sentiment ; for that is not poetry whose painting is false, and whose music is discordant with the sentiment to be produced. Music should be the soul of poetry and the thrilling nerve of picture ; whilst painting, in its noblest aspirations, and with its universal language, should combine their chief excellencies, in correspondent unison. The poetry of painting is without words, and

its music without sound ; but it is a music whose tones are felt by the glancing eye, as it ranges and returns, in voluntary movement, over the harmonious composition ; and it is a poetry which often gives inspiration to the flow of words, slowly descriptive of the instant impressions produced by the painter's pencil.

If the enjoyments of sight depended on the perfection of beauty, they could be but seldom experienced ; for that alone is considered most beautiful which is most rare, and distinguished from ordinary nature by superior symmetry and complexion. Such extraordinary beauty is capable of producing emotions of delight equally rare, and as indefinable as the qualities by which they are excited ; but pleasure of a more permanent nature is derived from expression and the indications of character. Novelty is the first enjoyment of infancy, and is only diminished in the advance of old age ; but in the middle term of life, when attention is less frequently excited by novelty, our enjoyments are multiplied by the more interesting combinations which are constantly passing before us ; and variety then constitutes the great charm of existence. Even the continual changes of the seasons are not sufficient to satisfy our fancies, but we leave one scene of interest to gaze more intently upon another ; and in the contemplation of our own species, however perceptible are the changes from infancy to manhood and old age, the mind is more sensibly affected by glancing rapidly from one to another. If blindness is to be considered the most lamentable of all privations, the faculty of sight should be appreciated as a gift of inestimable value. But of all the enjoyments of sight, to regard the human form, and to distinguish the human features, in

their various expressions, furnish a field for observation and research, as delightful as it is boundless.

The peculiarities and characteristics of every period of life, and of different nations and ages, costumes, complexions, and manners, are perceived as so many pictures; and, as they are presented under new and varying combinations, produce a sort of visual music, especially when animated by the spirit of poetry. Poetic representations of such scenes excite in the imagination a series of mental pictures; and music itself owes much of its charm to its power of exciting the mind to picture scenes, persons, and actions in accordance with its tones. I have often, at a well arranged concert, enjoyed in this manner a delightful revery of imagination, in the conception of vivid pictures, produced by successive strains of harmonic movements;—a plaintive or disconsolate lover; a gay bachanal; a military chieftain; groups of figures whirling and crossing in the merry dance; or horsemen in full gallop to the sound of the loud trumpet; the solemn movement of a funeral procession; the wild tumult of a thunder storm; or the sweet warblings of feathered songsters;—and these images, often intermingling and following each other as rapidly as the eye can pass in a gallery from one picture to another, again revert, as the strain returns, to its original object. Indeed, it appears to me that every complex piece of music may be supposed to represent a whole picture gallery; or, in its more limited performances, be confined to an historic group, or a single figure. In each instance, however, a certain unity of purpose should prevail. Whether it be picture or music, one tone of colouring should characterize each piece, which should have its lights and

shades, its high and low passages, flats and sharps ; and, whatever variations and embellishments are introduced, it should return again and again to the traits or tones of its intended character.

This excursive kind of enjoyment is not inconsistent with the attainments of solid science, and appears to me quite in accordance with the natural tendency of the human mind ; or at least should be received as its healthful recreation. If a journey is to be accomplished, or a science studied, one undeviating course must be laboriously pursued ; but when relaxation is required for the physical or mental powers, after the fatigue of labour or study, an unpremeditated ramble, without design or system, over hill and dale and flowery field, is calculated to insure to both body and mind their best condition of health.

In accordance with this feeling, I have made up the contents of my portfolio. They are some of the fruits and flowers gathered in my varied wanderings. They are but fragments, with little or no arrangement, which may be taken up or passed by, as the specimens in a Cabinet of Natural History, labelled to designate their characters and authenticated by their donor's names. To speak plainly, I have brought together passages, which, at the moment of reading them, in a desultory manner, accorded with my taste, chiefly as a painter ; and only offer them as so many sketches, outlines, or hints. I have to regret the loss of many interesting passages, which were marked in numerous books of my early reading, by their passing, untranscribed, into other hands, before the fancy amused me to compile a selection possessing some connexion with the art that has chiefly

occupied my life ; in which I have most delighted, and to which I have always returned with renovated love, after every wandering recreation.

It was sometimes difficult from a beautiful whole to make a short extract. From writings composed for other purposes, I have selected such passages as suited mine ; omitting, often, what appeared to me superfluous, or not in character with the painting room or parlour table. Many times I have procured a complete picture by omitting some lines, or taking only a few verses of some long composition which might only serve to fatigue the attention,—producing the same effect as a band of music, heard from a distance, when nothing but the full sounds reach the ear—leaving the imagination to supply the intervals.

Several original pieces have, with some hesitation, been thrown into this collection. If these are not found, as literary compositions, worthy the distinguished names among which they are placed, I trust that the feelings they betray will be acknowledged as in unison with the prevailing theme. They will serve, at least, to increase the variety ; and have a claim upon the reader's polite indulgence as humble strangers introduced to his hospitality.

The sentiments, opinions, and sayings of various authors, following each other, generally in a miscellaneous manner, possess an appropriate charm ; as it gathers them into society, to which we are admitted without ceremony, and where we are permitted to enjoy all the advantages of a literary *conversazione*, at which we are licensed to pass from one speaker to another without restraint, and to listen only to the most interesting topics,—

each person speaking in his own peculiar language. But it seldom happens in society that any one person is so agreeable that he alone should be heard to speak for an hour together,—especially if the subjects which he discusses are not extremely interesting; though he may be heard again and again, as other voices and other topics intervene to enliven the monotony, so as to excite a renewed attention to his discourse. It is not always the continuous length of a dissertation that constitutes its value. A single sentence may sometimes convey more instruction, and give more pleasure, than a lecture spun out to a tedious length, or the mass of laborious learning in a ponderous volume. But the thoughts of men of genius and mind are frequently embellished with passages of beauty and character which admit of separation, and should be selected as gems for a cabinet. Besides, it may be remarked that observations and descriptions broken asunder by episodes, or recurring even at distant periods, acquire a new value when brought together; a value sometimes, perhaps, not imagined by their authors.

The effect produced by such a selection in a course of miscellaneous reading, is similar to that which is experienced when a reader repeats aloud to those about him an occasional paragraph, calculated to interest them by its singular beauty or force of expression. Indeed, there are many works from which it would be sufficient to hear nothing else than such selections, if we would estimate the amount of time consumed in exploring the mass of matter in which they are often buried, and which the taste of the reader might dispose him to reject.

But the whole may be composed of precious materials—all worth reading—all worth possessing in a well

assorted library. Still there are certain passages which the owner might mark with his pencil, as more especially worth attention and occasional reference. Such passages have been transcribed from a few works, to renew the enjoyment which they afforded at the moment, and for the gratification of others who may possess a similar taste.

Most persons, on the appearance of a new publication, read it rapidly, either with a sole regard to the tale it may tell, or to ascertain its general tendency, as it may become the topic of conversation. Seldom is it read again, however excellent,—often it is not worth the time required by other novelties;—and, perhaps, the only portions which may be seriously worthy of preservation are overlooked and forgotten. Selections from the works of popular writers should be made welcome, not only to those who have passed over them in a cursory perusal, but to many persons who may never, otherwise, hold intercourse with the minds of their authors.

No injustice is done to the author by this separation of sentiments from the narrative of his history. It is only the separation of himself from the personages he is describing; in those moments when he suspends the thread of his narrative, for the purpose of holding communion with his reader. The sentiments often appertain to the author,—the incidents belong to the story.

Sometimes, however, both in narratives and works of a dramatic character the whole history is carried on and completed by a mixed dialogue and narration, without the occurrence of a single, or but an occasional sentiment, that can be separated from the context. Thus the reader is left, from the tendency of the scenes which are hurried before his view, to form his own conclusions, and to

analyze his own sentiments, if he will pause to reflect, instead of yielding to his impatience to learn the course of events and the fate of his hero. This deficiency of expressed sentiments may not arise from the author's incapacity to make them, but be designed to avoid the danger of checking the intensity of feeling which he has excited. Thus the most interesting country may be traversed by the curious observer, without affording him a single relic to take away, or to refresh his memory; while another may abound in the materials by which his cabinet may be enriched for the gratification of his friends; whether or not they have, like him, enjoyed the opportunity of original observation. If the deficiency in the one case leaves any cause for regret, the abundance in the other should excite us to preserve and display the treasures we have collected; sometimes as an inducement to others to adventure in the same fields, and sometimes to gratify or instruct those who have not the leisure, or do not choose to encounter the labour of the enterprise.

What cabinet is found large enough to contain all that might be deemed worthy of collection from the wide expanse of travel? And what library so extensive as to possess on its shelves all the written thoughts of men? It is therefore a benefit to the great majority of mankind, when they are occasionally furnished with the means of study which are afforded by select specimens from the works of nature and of art in an available cabinet; or with choice or characteristic extracts from the voluminous labours of many lives;—brought down within the reach of every eye and every hand. How many volumes, the result of much observation and great labour, remain idle and useless on the shelves of vast libraries, whose boast

only depends on number; and how often might they be made tributary to present use by judicious studies of their contents; by epitomes of their matter; or by selections which would at least be found more interesting than their catalogues, or the rows of costly binding and gilded titles, which resemble the escutcheon on the lid of an entombed coffin. We have seen the work of a painter's brush that represented whole rows of books, in which the shadows that separated the shelves were of as much value as the semblance of the books themselves. It would be as well to possess such a library of literary cenotaphs, as a vast multitude of inaccessible volumes, only to be consulted by the worms which finally will destroy them.

It is pleasant to travel even over accustomed scenes with an intelligent companion; who not only points out the succession of interesting objects, but indulges in occasional reflections, gathering amusement and instruction at every step. This constitutes the true value of travel, which otherwise is too much like the silent study of a map, abounding in facts, but barren of sentiment. We are all travellers in the journey of life; but travellers of a social disposition, depending much on the assistance of each other, and delighting in the intercourse of our fellow mortals. We are amused by the variety, instructed by the experience, and gratified by the attentions of those we meet, or the mutual indications of objects worthy of our regard. As a traveller, I have thus sought companionship in the sentiments, descriptions, and works of others; and only open my Portfolio to such as are willing to look into it, in the hope that it may subserve the cause of taste and virtue, and at least be received with indulgence.

R. P.

PORTFOLIO

OF AN

ARTIST.

PORTFOLIO OF AN ARTIST.

SOUL OF BEAUTY.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of the sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's.* How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, whilst it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must, otherwise, have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours, artfully spread upon canvass, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities,

* The fashionable portrait painter in the reign of Charles II.

may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming :

“ Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye !
In all her gestures dignity and love ! ”

Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead. I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing.

“ Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.”

Hughes.

POET OF NATURE.

‘ THEN Nature’s charms his heart possessed,
And Nature’s glory filled his breast :
‘ The sweet Spring morning’s infant rays,
Meridian Summer’s youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn’s evening mild,
And hoary Winter’s midnight wild,

Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
 For every scene he loved, he sung.

* * * * *

From earth to heaven his genius soared,
 'Time and eternity explored,
 And hailed, where'er its footsteps trod,
 In Nature's temple, Nature's God :
 Or pierced the human breast to scan
 The hidden majesty of man ;
 Man's hidden weakness, too, descried
 His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride ;
 Pursued, along their erring course,
 The streams of passion to their source ;
 Or in the mind's creation sought
 New stores of fancy, worlds of thought !

Montgomery.

COURSE OF REFINEMENT.

THE same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship-carpenters. * * * The spirit of the age affects all the arts, and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become : nor is it possible, that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversa-

tion, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow creatures in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. * * * Industry, knowledge, and humanity are linked together by an indissoluble chain, and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished, and, what are commonly denominated, the more luxurious ages.

Hume.

MEMORY.

ETHEREAL power ! whose smile, at noon of night
 Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight ;
 Instils that musing melancholy mood,
 Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;
 Blest MEMORY, hail ! O, grant the grateful muse,
 Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
 To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
 And trace its airy precincts in the soul.
 Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
 Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain :
 Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
 Each stamps its image as the other flies !
 Each, as the varied avenues of sense
 Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
 Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,
 Control the latent fibres of the heart.

* * * * *

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :
 We gaze on every feature till it lives !
 Still the fond lover views the absent maid :
 And the lost friend still lingers in the shade !

Rogers.

VALUE OF PORTRAITS.

THERE is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible: we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often, indeed, more to admire than in the face of one individual man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist: it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the *senti-*
ment that chains us to the other is wanting; we are not *familiar* with it: one is a brave matter—a splendid *thing*; the other is a *person*, and becomes our friend.

* * * It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us across deserts and woods and mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as its most delightful victory. It annihilates space, if not time, and makes the absent happy.

Barry Cornwall.

STYLE.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic's eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinized, is ten times new.

Byron.

PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

PERCEPTION of beauty is one of the most decided characteristics by which man is distinguished from the brute. We discover no symptoms of admiration in animals of a lower grade than ourselves. The peacock excites no deference from the splendour of his plumage, nor the swan from her snow-white feathers; and the verdant fields in their summer bloom attract no more than as their flowery sweets allure the insect tribe, who in their turn are followed by their foes. To man alone belongs the prerogative of appreciating beauty, because admiration is graciously designed as the means of leading him on to moral excellence.

S. Stickney.

VENUS OF APELLES.*

WHEN first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece;
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And, as he sojourned on the Ægean isles,
Woody all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined;
Love on the picture smiled! Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

Campbell.

* Born at Rhodes, Apelles was cherished by Alexander.

PAINTING-ROOM.

—— At other times, I have sat and watched the decaying embers in a little back painting-room, (just as the wintry day declined,) and brooded over the half-finished copy of a Rembrandt, or a landscape by Van-goyen, placing it where it might catch a dim gleam of light from the fire, while the letter-bell was the only sound that drew my thoughts to the world without, and reminded me that I had a task to perform in it. As to that landscape, methinks I see it now——

“The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.”

There was a windmill, too, with a poor, low, clay-built cottage beside it:—how delighted I was when I had made the tremulous, undulating reflection in the water, and saw the dull canvass become a lucid mirror of the commonest features of nature! Certainly, painting gives one a strong interest in nature and humanity. * * *

“While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

Perhaps there is no part of a painter's life (if we must tell the “secrets of the prison-house”) in which he has more enjoyment of himself and his art, than that in which, after his work is over, and with furtive, sidelong glances at what he has done, he is employed in washing his brushes and cleaning his palette for the day.

W. Hazlitt.

TRUTH.

O! **WHO** would face the blame of just men's eyes,
 And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,
 And wear out scorned life with useless lies,
 Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays.

For what is hope, if truth be not its stay?
 And what were love, if truth forsook it quite?
 And what were all the sky, if falsehood gray,
 Behind it, like a dream of darkness, lay,
 Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night?
Anon.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. All the attainments possible in our present state are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyments; conquest serves no purpose but that of kindling ambition; discovery has no effect but of raising expectation; the gratification of one desire encourages another; and after all our labours, studies, and inquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some wish importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment. * * * This passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. * * * There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquire-

ment which may not be applied to some use, or which may not at least gratify pride with occasional superiority.

* * * Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

Johnson.

ALLOY OF BLISS.

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Campbell.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

Johnson.

MOUNTAIN BARD.

ON Caledonia's hills, the ruddy morn
 Breathes fresh :—the huntsman winds his clamorous horn.
 The youthful Minstrel from his pallet springs,
 Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering strings.
 With airy foot he treads that giddy height,
 His heart all rapture, and his eye all light ;
 His voice all melody, his yellow hair
 Floating and dancing on the mountain air,
 Shaking from its loose folds the liquid pearls,
 That gather clustering on his golden curls ;—
 And, for a moment, gazes on a scene,
 Tinged with deep shade, dim gold, and brightening green ;
 Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star
 Of morning fades :—But when heaven's gates unbar,
 And on the world a tide of glory rushes,
 Burns on the hill, and down the valley blushes ;
 The mountain bard in livelier numbers sings,
 While sunbeams warm and gild the conscious strings,
 And his young bosom feels the enchantment strong,
 Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and song !

Pierpont.

JUDGMENT IN COMPOSITION.

It is only a great artist who knows when to be brief
 in descriptions, and when copious ; where to light up his
 landscape with sunshine, and where to cover it with
 darkness and tempest.

J. Beattie.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

HARK ! how it floats upon the dewy air !
 O ! what a dying, dying close was there !
 'Tis harmony from yon sequestered bower,
 Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour !
 Long ere the charioteer of day had run
 His morning course, the enchantment was begun ;
 And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
 Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

* * * * *

Love makes the music of the blest above,
 Heaven's harmony is universal love.

Cowper.

PLEASURE OF TRAVEL.

THE pleasure of travel is in the fancy. Men and manners are so nearly alike over the world, and the same annoyances disturb so certainly, wherever we are, the gratification of seeing and conversing with our living fellow-beings, that it is only by the mingled illusion of fancy and memory, by getting apart, and peopling the deserted palace or the sombre ruin from the pages of a book, that we ever realize the anticipated pleasure of standing on celebrated ground. The eye, the curiosity, are both disappointed, and the voice of a common companion reduces the most romantic ruin to a heap of stones.

N. P. Willis.

ANTIQUITIES.

To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen.

T. Campbell.

PAINTING.

THINE are, O Mind ! the colours that delight
The artist in his visionary mood !—
Thou art the inspiration and the might,
The deep enchantment of his solitude :

* * * * *

Amid the grand—the wonderful—the wild—
Forever have thy loftiest revelations smiled !

* * * * *

Who may behold the works of Raphael's hand
And feel no mountings of the soul within ?
Find not his mould of intellect expand,
And the creations of the pencil win
His thoughts toward heaven, to which they are akin ;
Ennobling his whole being—touching chords
Of holiest sweetness—purifying sin—
Raising a deathless moral, that records
The majesty of truth in *tints* surpassing words !

* * * * *

'Tis not alone the poesy of form ;
The melody of aspect, the fine hue
Of lips half blushing, odorous, and warm ;
Of eyes like heaven's own paradise of blue ;

Nor all the graces that enchain the view,
 And render beauty still more beautiful—
 But the resemblance that can renew
 Past youth, past hopes, past loves, no shroud may dull—
 Affections, years may dim, but never quite annul :
 Wrestling from death and darkness undecayed,
 The kindred lineaments we honoured here ;
 The breast on which our infant brow had laid ;
 The lips that kissed away our first brief tear.

* * * * *

Then, ah ! for ever sacred be that art
 Which gave me all the grave had left of mine !
 I gaze upon this portrait till my heart
 Remembers every touch, and every line ;
 And almost do I deem the gift divine,
 Direct from heaven, and not from human skill !
 Instinct with love those noble features shine—
 The eyes some new expression seems to fill—
 And half I know thee dead—half hope thee living still.

C. Swain.

ANTIQUITY.

ANTIQUITY is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable ; that which is virtuous is alone noble ; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affections to the great end of human improvement and happiness ; an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.

Westminster Review.

POET OF NATURE.

NATURE, exerting an unwearied power,
 Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower ;
 Spreads the fair verdure of the field, and leads
 The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads :
 She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
 With music, modulating all their notes ;
 And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown,
 With artless airs and concerts of her own :
 But seldom, as if fearful of expense,
 Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
 Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
 Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ;
 Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
 Brings colours, dipped in heaven, that never die ;
 A soul exalted above earth, a mind
 Skilled in the characters that form mankind ;

* * * * *

Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim.

Cowper.

PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look
 with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless
 force of perseverance : it is by this that the quarry be-
 comes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united
 by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a
 single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the

spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion ; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

Johnson.

SENSE OF BEAUTY.

MIND, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven !)
 'The living fountain in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand
 Sit paramount the Graces ; here enthroned,
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

Akenside.

WOMEN AND PICTURES.

IF, indeed, women were mere outside, form and face only, and if *mind* made up no part of her composition, it would follow that a ball-room was quite as appropriate a place for choosing a wife, as an exhibition-room for choosing a picture. But, inasmuch as women are not mere portraits, their value not being determinable by a glance of the eye, it follows that a different mode of appreciating their value, and a different place for viewing them antecedent to their being individually selected, is desirable. The two cases differ also in this, that if a man select a picture for himself from among all its exhibited competitors, and bring it to his own house, the picture being passive, he is able to *fix* it there : while

the wife, picked up at a public place, and accustomed to incessant display, will not, it is probable, when brought home, stick so quietly to the spot where he fixes her, but will escape to the exhibition-room again, and continue to be displayed at every subsequent exhibition, just as if she were not become private property, and had never been definitely disposed of.

Hannah More.

CHURCH OF THE CARMELITES.*

IN this chapel wrought
 One of the few, Nature's interpreters ;
 The few, whom genius gives as lights to shine,
 Massaccio ;† and he slumbers underneath.
 Wouldst thou behold his monument ? Look round !
 And know that where we stand stood oft and long,
 Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself,
 He and his haughty rival‡—patiently,
 Humbly to learn of those who came before,
 'To steal a spark from their authentic fire ;
 'Theirs who first broke the universal gloom,
 Sons of the morning.

Rogers.

NATURE AND ART.

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man, that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature's productions, either for beauty or value. Art is only the under-workman, and is employed to give a

* At Florence. † The first great painter of Italy. ‡ Michael Angelo.

few strokes of embellishment to those pieces which come from the hand of the master. Some of which may be of his drawing, but he is not allowed to touch the principal figure. Art may make a suit of clothes, but nature must produce a man.

Hume.

STUDY FROM NATURE.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take,
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck,
Much less content himself to make it like
The ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory :
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face ;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye, and motion of his hand.

Cowley.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

It is with the moral as with the natural world. It is not amid the serenity of fortune, it is not in the unshaded light of noon, that the sublime of the one or the other is to be sought. Amid the mingled light and shadow which compose sunrise, the grandest combinations are formed ; from the struggle of adverse or doubtful fortune, the loftiest morals are gathered. The doubt and the darkness, the shadow and the cloud, make the glory and the beauty ! The moral and the natural light, in their

essence and abstraction, are alike things too pure and bright and spiritual to be contemplated or understood by the eye of the body or the mind. It is only when they have some medium to act upon, some sorrow or difficulty to struggle with, some cloud to gild, that their glory and their beauty can be sensibly felt, and in part understood.

Friendship's Offering.

ACQUIREMENTS.

Much knowledge of colour, much skill of hand, much experience in human character, and a deep sense of light and shade, have to be acquired, to enable the pencil to embody the conceptions of genius. The artist has to seek for all this in the accumulated mass of professional knowledge which time has gathered for his instruction; and with his best wisdom, and his happiest fortune, he can only add a little more information to the common stock, for the benefit of his successors.

A. Cunningham.

STANDARD OF ART.

FIRST follow Nature ; and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same ;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
Works without show, and without pomp presides.

Pope.

GENIUS.

THE three primary requisites of genius, according to the Welsh, are an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel nature, and a boldness that dares follow nature.

Anon.

MOUNTAIN TOP.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
 Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
 Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
 Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
 The beauty and the majesty of earth,
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
 The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
 The haunts of men below thee, and around
 The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
 Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
 To which thou art translated, and partake
 The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
 Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
 And down into the secrets of the glens,
 And streams, that with their bordering thicket strive
 To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
 Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
 And swarming roads, and there on solitude
 That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
 And eagle's shriek.

W. C. Bryant.

ARTISTS.

ADVENTURERS in Art are seldom adventurers upon any other ground;—if they travel, it is but to see. The organ of *vision* is to them the richest inheritance. A cultivated perception places within their reach objects of enjoyment from every quarter of the globe. The treasures of the land and of the deep, the ever-varying character of the seasons, and the phenomena of the elements, furnish the storehouse of the painter's imagination, from whence he draws those enchanting combinations of hill and dale, of mountain torrent, or of placid stream. But it is principally with the human form divine, and with the character and expressions of the mind under the various emotions of passions that swell the human heart, that he is most studiously concerned. It is with these elements of the soul that he must be conversant, in order to be able to cite them to appear at his bidding, and, by the magic of his pencil, to transfer them to the canvass.

* * * The Artist resembles the philosopher in the singleness and abstraction of his pursuits, caring little for the chances and changes of things, if his colours do but flow with ease, and are not liable to fade or change. If he does not possess the splendours of life, the love of Art enables him to endure its privations. His hopes are fed, and his exertions animated by the reward of the judicious; and if not secure of contemporary applause, he consoles himself with the hope that posterity will do justice to his merits.

Library of the Fine Arts.

EYE OF TASTE.

THE Painter's eye, to sovereign beauty true,
 Marks every grace, and heightens every hue ;
 Follows the fair through all her forms and wiles,
 Studies her airs, and triumphs in her smiles ;
 Imagines wondrous scenes as fancy warms,
 And revels, rich in all creation's charms.
 His Art her homage, and his soul her shrine,
 She rules his life, and regulates his line ;
 While rapt to frenzy as the goddess fires,
 He pours to view the visions she inspires.

Presented to the cultured eye of Taste,
 No rock is barren, and no wild is waste ;
 No shape uncouth or savage, but, in place,
 Excites an interest, or assumes a grace ;
 Whether the year's successive seasons roll,
 Or Proteus passion paint the varying soul ;
 Whether, apart considered, or combined,
 The forms of matter and the traits of mind ;
 Nature, exhaustless still, has power to warm,
 And every change of scene, a novel charm.
 The dome-crowned city, or the cottaged plain,
 The rough, cragged mountain, or tumultuous main ;
 The temple, rich in trophied pride arrayed,
 Or mouldering in the melancholy shade ;
 The spoils of tempest, or the wrecks of time ;
 The earth abundant, and the heaven sublime ;—
 All, to the Painter, purest joys impart,
 Delight his eye, and stimulate his Art.

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Nature for him unfolds her fairest day,
 For him puts on her picturesque array;
 Beneath his eye new brightens all her charms,
 And yields her blushing beauties to his arms,
 His prize and praise—pursued in shades or crowds;
 He fancies prodigies and peoples clouds;
 Arrests in rapid glance each fleeting form,
 Loves the mild calm, and studies in the storm.

M. A. Shee.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A VERY charming art—a right noble art, when nobly and worthily used, redeeming as it does, grace and beauty from the grasp of time and the mortality of the grave, and transmitting the lineaments of the good, the great, and the gifted, to the anxious and inquiring gaze of unborn generations. When we lay down the volume of a glorious poet, or study the works of a great artist, or read the sayings and doings of heroes, sages, navigators, statesmen, and all who, by deed or word, have raised themselves above the mediocrity of humanity, the dead level of commonplace, we naturally feel a portion of Lady Rosalind's curiosity—we wish to know “what manner of men they were”—we wish to look upon the grand and expansive foreheads—the deep mysterious eyes—the expressive mouths—in fine, we want reverentially to gaze upon the exteriors of intellect.

* * * * *

Portrait painting has one peculiar virtue. It has a stronger claim upon the *affections* than the noblest branches of art; its dull, literal, matter-of-fact transcripts

are more dear to those with whom the fate of the original are linked, than the brightest and loveliest beauties of ideal beauty. Through its medium, friends and lovers gaze into each other's faces at the outermost ends of the earth. It preserves to you, unchanged by death or decay, or the mutations of the world, the frank, free countenance of the companion of your boyhood, or the form and features that "first love traced;" through it the mother gazeth with mournful tenderness on the similitude of her absent or departed child; and children with grateful recollection on the presentment of those who were the first and last to love them. And, no matter how commonplace or generally uninteresting the countenances of those persons who have been so preserved—they were dear to some one. The beneficent law of nature sayeth, that no human being shall go utterly unbeloved; it has insured sympathy and affection to all; a nook in some heart to the most despised—

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest bier."

Therefore, as an art that yields to the eye that for which the soul yearns, Portrait painting is worthy of all love and honour.

William Cox.

MARY'S PORTRAIT.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
 The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,
 The lips which made me Beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah no ! that eye
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

* * * * *

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her who placed thee next my heart.

Byron.

PROGRESS OF INTELLECT.

WHEN the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on every hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory curiosity. * * * When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them ; and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters. But, in proportion as

we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are soon disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to the charms of falsehood, however specious, and from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affections to truth itself.

Johnson.

POETRY OF PARADISE.

IN Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
 Had faded, poetry was not an art ;
 Language, above all teaching, or, if taught,
 Only by gratitude and glowing thought ;
 Elegant as simplicity, and warm
 As ecstasy, unmanacled by form ;
 Not prompted, as in our degenerate days,
 By low ambition and a thirst of praise ;
 Was natural as is the flowing stream,
 And yet magnificent—a God the theme !

Cowper.

CALPURNIA.*

FROM attachment to me she has acquired a love of study. My books she carries with her, reads, learns by heart. What solicitude she testifies when I am about to plead in a cause, what joy when I have done ! She has messengers disposed to tell her what assent, what ap-

* The wife of Pliny.

plause I receive; and what is the event of the trial. She sings my verses to her lyre with no other art but love, the best of masters. Wherefore I entertain a confident hope that our mutual attachment will be perpetual, and will grow stronger and stronger with time. For it is not my youth or my person, which fail with age, but my fame, which she loves.

Pliny.

INFANT BEAUTY.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
 Child of the sunny brow—
 Bright as the dream flung over thee
 By all that meets thee now.
 Thy heart is beating joyously,
 Thy voice is like a bird's,
 And sweetly breaks the melody
 Of thy imperfect words.
 I know no fount that gushes out
 So gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou mightst ever be
 As beautiful as now,—
 That time might ever leave as free
 Thy yet unwritten brow,—
 I would life were “all poetry,”
 To gentle measure set;
 That naught but chastened melody
 Might stain thine eye of jet,
 Nor one discordant note be spoken,
 Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

N. P. Willis.

WOMEN.

WHAT can interrupt the content of those, upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours, and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach them endeavour to multiply delights, without requiring from them any return but willingness to be pleased?

Johnson.

FILIAL MEMORY.

MY mother! weary years have passed, since last
 I met thy gentle smiles; and sadly then
 It fell upon my young and joyous heart.
 There was a mortal paleness on thy cheek,
 And well I knew they bore thee far away
 With a vain hope to mend the broken springs—
 The springs of life. And bitter tears I shed
 In childhood's short-lived agony of grief,
 When soothing voices said that thou wert gone,
 And that I must not weep, for thou wert blest.
 Full many a flower has bloomed upon thy grave,
 And many a winter's snow has melted there;
 Childhood has passed, and youth is passing now,
 And scatters paler roses on my path;

Dim and more dim, my fancy paints thy form,
 Thy mild blue eye, thy cheek so thin and fair,
 Touched, when I saw thee last, with hectic flush,
 Telling in solemn beauty of the grave.
 Mine ear hath lost the accents of thy voice,
 And faintly o'er my memory comes at times
 A glimpse of joys that had their source in thee,
 Like one brief strain of some forgotten song !

Anon.

FICTIONS OF ART.

OF its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation :—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?

Byron.

YOUTH.

IT is on the verge of womanhood that we see the female character in its greatest variety and beauty ; while the rich colouring of fresh-born fancy, the warm gush of genuine feeling, and the high aspirations of ambitious youth, are yet unsubdued by the tyranny of custom, or forced back into the bursting heart by the cold hand of experience. Woman, fresh as it were from the garden

of Eden, while the loveliness of her first creation is still lingering around her, * * * in her character and attributes, her beauty, her tenderness, and her liability to danger and suffering, is all that the poet can desire to inspire his happiest lays.

S. Stickney.

DREAMS.

Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows. * *

* * * The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
* * * * A thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

Byron.

IMAGINATION.

THE effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities, from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those "happy attitudes of things" which their taste at first selected; while, enriched with the accumulation of ages, and with "the spoils of time," we unconsciously combine with what we see, all that we know and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.

Dugald Stewart.

SOCIETY.

THERE is a certain delicacy of mind which is not incompatible with the highest ambition; but when that ambition receives a check in its early beginning, when that delicacy is hurt by some unexpected and sore misfortune, a person of such a character is apt to quarrel with the world, and to seek for happiness without its range. * * * Men were born to live in society; and from society only can happiness be derived. Let them

not, therefore, in a moment of disgust, give up the ordinary cares and projects of the world, and indulge in ideas of that visionary bliss which exists only in romantic pictures and delusive representations of solitude and retirement. Let not one disappointment, nor even a series of disappointments, induce them to abandon the common road of life.—'Tis only a pettish child, when it is crossed, that is entitled to spurn from it its toy of happiness.

The Lounger.

CHARM OF DISTANCE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis *Distance* lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Campbell.

INDUSTRY AND LUXURY.

EVERY thing in the world is purchased by labour; and our passions are the only causes of labour. When a nation abounds in manufactures and mechanic arts, the proprietors of land, as well as farmers, study agriculture as a science, and redouble their industry and attention. The superfluity which arises from their labours is not lost; but is exchanged with manufacturers for those commodities which men's luxury now makes them covet.

By this means, land furnishes a great deal more of the necessities of life than what suffices for those who cultivate it. In times of peace and tranquillity, this superfluity goes to the maintenance of manufacturers and the improvers of liberal arts.

Hume.

RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine and raindrops, the birds and the
breeze,

The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

* * * * *

The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud ;—

* * * * *

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;

* * * * *

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence ; * *
* * that beautiful one !

Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun ;

* * * * *

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;

* * * * *

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind :
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Campbell.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

As a mother we behold woman in her holiest character—as the nurse of innocence—as the cherisher of the first principles of mind—as the guardian of an immortal being, who will write upon the records of eternity how faithfully she has fulfilled her trust. * * * In assuming this new and important office, she does not necessarily lose any of the charms which have beautified her character before. She can still be tender, lovely, delicate, refined, and cheerful, as when a girl; devoted to the happiness of those around her; affectionate, judicious, dignified, and intellectual, as when a wife only; while this new love, deep as the very wells of life, mingles with the current of her thoughts and feelings, giving warmth and intensity to all, without impairing the force or the purity of any.

S. Stickney.

POETIC PICTURES.

THE colours, nay even the forms in poetry, as in the kaleidoscope, already exist; accident here, and genius there, put them in new positions, and thus create new pictures.

W. Alexis.

SPIRIT OF PAINTING.

ONE bright sunshiny autumn day,
 When the leaves were just beginning to fade,
 I saw a gay and laughing maid
 Stand by the side of a public way—
 There she stood erect and tall ;
 Her flowery cheek had caught the dyes
 Of the earliest dawn—and O ! her eyes,
 Not a star that shoots or flies,
 But those dark eyes outshone them all.
 She stood with a long and slender wand,
 With a tassel of hair at its pointed tip ;
 And fast as the dews from a forest drip,
 When a summer shower has bathed the land,
 So quick a thousand colours came,
 Darting along like shapes of flame,
 At every turn of her gliding hand.
 She gave a form to the bodiless air,
 And clear as a mirrored sheet it lay ;
 And phantoms would come and pass away,
 As her magical rod was pointed there.

Bryant.

APPLAUSE.

To please is a laudable and elegant ambition, and is properly rewarded with honest praise ; but to seize applause by violence, and call out for commendation, without knowing, or caring to know, whether it be given from conviction, is a species of tyranny by which modesty

is oppressed, and sincerity corrupted. The tribute of admiration, thus exacted by impudence and importunity, differs from the respect paid to silent merit, as the plunder of a pirate from the merchant's profit.

Johnson.

MUSIC.

Music, in her sovereign power,
 Measured by a master hand,
 Fills with joy the lover's bower,
 Animates the patriot band—
 Music, voice of nature ! still
 Lead me captive to thy will.

Inspiration of the soul !
 Spirit of the painter's art !
 Eloquence whose strains control
 Boundless mind or bursting heart,—
 Music, voice of nature ! still
 Lead me captive to thy will.

R. P.

SCOTT'S PENCIL.

I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feelings of picturesque scenery ; on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. I

have never, indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or nicety, though my latter studies have led me to amend and arrange my original ideas upon the subject. Even the humble ambition which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand, was totally ineffectual. After long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practise. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants, in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description.

Scott.

THE SKETCHER.

YES, sketch the landscape, fix each glowing hue,
 Give earth's gay verdure and the sky's bright blue ;
 Let the fair scene upon thy paper live,
 With all the truth thy graceful hand can give ;
 For soon will winter come, with boisterous breeze,
 Sweeping their leafy honours from the trees,
 And sullen clouds impel the driving storm
 The beauties of the landscape to deform.
 Then all that now is smiling bright and fair
 The sombre garb of winter drear will wear ;
 Then wilt thou joy thy graphic work to view,
 Which brings thee back each graceful form and hue,
 As bright and gay as when thy pencil sought
 To fix the brilliant tints by Nature taught.

Blessington.

MUSIC.

WITH music it was even worse than with painting. My mother was anxious we should at least learn psalmody ; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair. It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies ; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit and, as it were, by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune.

Scott.

GREEK STATUES.

GONE are the glorious Greeks of old.
 Glorious in mien and mind ;
 Their bones are mingled with the mould,
 Their dust is on the wind ;
 The forms they hewed from living stone
 Survive the waste of years, alone,
 And scattered with their ashes, show
 What greatness perished long ago.

W. C. Bryant.

TASTE AND ART.

ALL men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world ; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to em-

body it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.
 * * * The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician,
 the architect seek each to concentrate the radiance of the
 world on one point, and each, in his several work, to
 satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to pro-
 duce. Thus is Art a nature passed through the alembic
 of man. Thus in Art does nature work through the will
 of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

W. Emerson.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
 Ye are dewdrops, whose lustre illumines the thorn ;
 And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
 When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast ;
 And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
 'Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart ;
 'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
 In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;
 And prosperity's hour, be it ever confessed,
 From woman receives both refinement and zest ;
 And, adorned by the bays, or enwreathed with the willow,
 Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

Anon.

SOLITUDE.

To those who pass their time in solitude and retire-
 ment, it has been justly objected, that if they are happy,
 they are happy only by being useless ; that mankind is
 one vast republic, where every individual receives many

benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay ; and that where the united efforts of all are able to exempt all from misery, none have a right to withdraw from their task of vigilance, or be indulged in idle wisdom or solitary pleasures.

Johnson.

CONDITION OF WOMAN.

WHETHER the story of the Amazons be authentic history or only a cunningly devised fable, it presents, at all events, a poor picture of what society would become, if our councils were filled and our armies *manned* with women, and they, rather than men, or equally with men, discharged the external and political duties of society ; doing so at the sacrifice of all that delicacy and maternal tenderness, which are among the most appropriate and the highest charms of Woman. Hers be the domain of the moral affections, the empire of the heart, the co-equal sovereignty of intellect, taste, and social refinement ; leave the rude commerce of camps and the soul-hardening struggles of political power to the harsher spirit of man, that he may still look up to her as a purer and brighter being, an emanation of some better world, irradiating, like a rainbow of hope, the stormy elements of life.

North American Review.

TO SCULPTURE.

THANKS to thee, child of Genius, thou didst touch
The buried feelings of an ice-cold heart.
And at thy magic touch they lived and glowed.

Thanks to thy parent, too ! at her command,
 Grace, symmetry, and beauty, sisters three,
 Sprung from a shapeless, rude, unsightly mass,
 To centre all in thee, thou favoured child.
 Thou art not marble ! sure that bosom heaves
 With this mysterious thing called life. These veins—
 Mark how they swell ; can that be mockery ?
 The eye dilates, the varied passions flit ;
 Hope smiles, but soon hope flies before despair—
 Once more they struggle for the mastery ;
 The Angel triumphs and the Demon falls.
 Sublimity of mind ! what matchless skill !
 Conception how divine ! thus to portray
 The moral grandeur of a noble soul.

L. S.

FLOWERS.

OF all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the minor objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green ; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned ; but beauty and fragrance are poured over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. * * *

The Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized

with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples—they were offered on the altars of some of their deities—they were strewed in their conqueror's path—on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands. The guests at banquets were crowned with them—the bowl was wreathed with them; and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine, they cast flowers.

W. Howitt.

To garland young brows with a splendour

That nothing but roses can give,

Or still on young bosoms in tender

And beautiful slumber to live—

By the azure of morn, and the crimson of even,

For the lip they have smiles, for the fair cheek a bloom—

With the sunshine and roses this world is a heaven,

Without them, it were but a desert and tomb.

Anon.

A FAIR ITALIAN.

Her full dark curls

Were clustered on a brow of ivory,

And fell in lavish wealth, shading a neck

Clear as an alabaster shrine, concealing

A ruby, that with soft suffusion fills it,

As with a loving glow. Her face was kindled

By the quick glances of her large black eyes,

That flashed from underneath her arching brows,

Like gems in caves ; and yet there was a softness
 At times, when shades of thought stole over her—
 But in the happy consciousness of beauty
 Her heart was all so joyous, that her smiles
 Gave a perpetual sunlight to that face,
 So beautiful, to see it was to love.
 I could not choose but watch with earnest gaze
 One of so perfect form and finished grace,
 That those who moved around her were but foils
 Heightening the one sole diamond. When I look
 On one so fair, I must believe that Heaven
 Sent her in kindness, that our hearts might waken
 To its own loveliness, and lift themselves
 By such an adoration from a dark
 And grovelling world. Such beauty should be worshipped,
 And not a thought of weakness or decay
 Should mingle with the pure and hallowed dreams,
 In which it dwells before us. It should live
 Eternal ; or, if it must pass away,
 And lose one tint of its now perfect brightness,
 Let it be hidden from me, for the sense,
 That all this glow must fade, falls on my heart
 Like the cold weight of death.

Percival.

PURPOSE OF PAINTING.

To please is the genuine aim of painting, as of all the fine arts ; when pleasure is conveyed through deeply excited interest, by affecting the passions, the senses, and the imagination, painting assumes a higher character, and almost vies with tragedy ; in fact, it *is* tragedy to the

eye, and is amenable to the same laws. The St. Sebastians of Guido and Razzi; the St. Jerome of Domenichino; the sternly beautiful Judith of Allori; the Pietà of Raphael; the San Pietro Martire of Titian; are all so many tragic *scenes*, wherein whatever is revolting in circumstances or character is judiciously kept from view, where human suffering is dignified by the moral lesson it is made to convey, and its effect on the beholder at once softened and heightened by the redeeming grace which genius and poetry have shed like a glory round it.

Mrs. Jameson.

EVE.

SHE who brought death into the world,
 There stood before him, with the light
 Of their lost Paradise, still bright
 Upon those sunny locks, that curled
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—
 So beautiful in form, so sweet
 In heart and voice, as to redeem
 The loss, the death of all things dear,
 Except herself—and make it seem
 Life, endless life, while she was near!

Moore.

MENTAL PICTURESQUE.

IT is not alone the *visible* picturesque of Italy which thus intoxicates; it is not only her fervid skies, her sunsets which envelope one-half of heaven, from the horizon to the zenith, in living blaze; nor her soaring pine-clad

mountains ; nor her azure seas ; nor her fields “ ploughed
by the sunbeams ; ” nor her gorgeous cities spread out
with all their domes and towers unobscured by cloud or
vapour ;—but it is something more than these, something
beyond, and over all—

The gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The concentration, and the poet's dream !

Mrs. Jameson.

H A R M O N Y.

As sounds of sweetest music, heard at eve,
When summer dew's weep over languid flowers ;
When the still air conveys each touch, each tone,
However faint—and breathes it on the ear
With a distinct and thrilling power, that leaves
Its memory long within the raptured soul,—
E'en such thou art to me !—and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives,
And breathes from every feature. Thus I sit—
And when most quiet, cold, or silent, then,
E'en then, I feel each word, each look, each tone !
'There's not an accent of that tender voice,
'There's not a daybeam of those sunbright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half uttered, feeling half betrayed,
Nor glance of kindness,—no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand, in amity extended,
'That e'er was lost to me ;—that treasured well,
And oft recalled, dwells not upon my soul
Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve !

Mrs. Jameson.

SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the wizard influence of Shakspeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings ; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power ; yet which to me had all the charm of reality. * * *

Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions ; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my checkered path ; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life.

W. Irving.

MEMORY IN ART.

WHEN in Parian stone we trace
Some best remembered form or face ;
Or see on radiant canvass rise
An imitative Paradise ;
And feel the warm affections glow,
Pleased at the pencil's mimic show ;
'Tis but obedience to the plan
From nature's birth proposed to man ;
Who, lest her choicest sweets in vain
Should blossom for our thankless train ;
Lest beauty pass unheeded by
Like cloud upon the summer sky ;

Lest memory of the brave and just
 Should sleep with them consigned to dust,
 With leading hand the expedient proves,
 And paints for us the form she loves.

Robert Snow.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

THERE is no study which requires a longer period of application, unproductive in a pecuniary view, than that of painting; and there are, perhaps, no students worse prepared to encounter such a course than those who usually undertake it. The young votary of taste has commonly more genius than money; hence he is obliged to pursue the *trade*, before he has had time to acquire the *art* of painting, and to commence business without capital or credit. * * * The practice of portrait painting however, though it tends to divert our artists from the nobler pursuit of history, is not unproductive of advantage. If it is unfavourable to purity of design, it is the best school of colouring. The continual intercourse with nature, which it occasions, produces a power and truth of imitation, a richness, vigour, and variety of execution, which are rarely attained by any other means. What the portrait painter can do, he generally does better than any other artist. The necessity of giving interest to a single figure compels him to a punctilious accuracy, and refinement of effect, seldom displayed in larger compositions. He supplies by his execution the defect of his materials; and often invests vulgarity and deformity with a charm, which makes us forget the imperfections of the subject in the art with which it is represented.

M. A. Shee.

POWER OF GRACE.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
 Who hath not paused, while Beauty's pensive eye
 Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
 Who hath not owned, with rapture smitten frame,
 The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

Campbell.

MATERIALS.

IT is not with pigments, oils, and varnishes alone that a picture is wrought. Reynolds, Titian, Rembrandt, and Wilson, mixed their colours with genius; and painted, not only with their brushes, but with mind.

Library of the Fine Arts.

THE GOOD AND FAIR.

AWAKE, arise ! with grateful fervour fraught,
 Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.
 He who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
 The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;
 Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
 Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;
 May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
 Or, musing, mount where science sits sublime,
 Or wake the spirit of departed time.
 Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
 A blooming Eden in his life reviews !

Rogers.

HORIZON OF LIFE.

THE quality of looking forward into futurity seems the unavoidable condition of a being, whose motions are gradual, and whose life is progressive : as his powers are limited, he must use means for the attainment of his ends, and intend first what he performs last ; as by continual advances from his first stage of existence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his prospects, he must always discover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of desire. *Johnson.*

TRUE FICTION.

A LIKENESS of some human face—
 The dwelling of a soul—a temple, where
 Imagination, Reason, Passion, dwell
 Together in delightful harmony :
 I love such pictures, for they bear me back
 To distant ages ; they transport my mind
 Across the deserts of the trackless seas.
 Methinks when I behold the panel glowing
 With an honest face, I gain another friend.

* * * * *

Paint me a woman—Painter, do thy best,—
 A woman !—Paint her like a full-blown flower,
 Radiant as summer—conscious, as she sits,
 That eyes are on her, feeding on her looks,
 Like bees on roses ! * * *

* * * * * Let her smile ;

For smiles are beautiful on every face :

And bind her forehead with her natural hair :
 And bid her lean thus—gently as she sits.

* * * * *

* * What glittering dreams,
 What sunset summer hues, what witching power
 Belongs to thee, bright art ! Canst thou bring back
 The far-off friend, redeem for us the dead
 From utter darkness and oblivion's curse—
 And shall we fail to do thee homage

* * * * *

Yes, hail to art ! that hath her pencil steeped
 In the bright fount of Nature, and hath drawn
 From the rich rainbow, and the early dawn ;
 From gems ; * * * * *
 From all that doth delight us, or doth dress
 Our world with lustre or with loveliness,—
 Some tributary tint, some natural hue,
 To blend into her woof of dazzling dreams,
 And make what to the sense fictitious seems,
 To the deep spirit marvellously true.

Amulet.

CHAMBER OF DISEASE.

HE that desires to enter behind the scene, which every heart has been employed to decorate, and every passion labours to illuminate, and wishes to see life stripped of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in its natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness,—may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease : he will there find vanity divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy

without her mask. * * * It is now past ; we have closed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this last conflict, I felt a sensation never known to me before ; a confusion of passions, an awful stillness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured ; but such violence cannot be lasting—the storm subsided in a short time ; I wept, retired, and grew calm. * * * When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault ; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed ; and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood. * * * Let us therefore make haste to do what we shall certainly at last wish to have done ; let us return the caresses of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderness which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish ; and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly those honours which justice will compel us to pay at last.

Johnson.

POETRY—MUSIC—SENSE.

To please me, a poem must be either music or sense ; if it is neither, I confess I cannot interest myself in it.

S. T. Coleridge.

REMINISCENCE.

I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings,
 In moments free from care,
 Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
 With roses in her hair ;
 Her smile was like the star-light
 Of summer's softest skies,
 And words of joyousness there shone
 From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody ;
 Her voice was like the swell
 Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
 That of wild gladness tell ;
 She came, like spring, with pleasant sounds
 Of sweetness and of mirth,
 And her thoughts were those wild flowery ones
 That linger not on earth.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

MORNING HAZE.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
 Like thought-winged liberty,
 Till the universal light
 Seems to level plain and height ;
 From the sea a mist has spread,
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.

Shelley

TEARS AND BLUSHES.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;
 So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
 Even pity scarce can wish it less !

Byron.

EGYPT—GREECE—ITALY.

GREECE has been a corpse for centuries ; and the monuments of her arts are dispersed on the four winds. She lives only in memory. Egypt is a mummy, whose features can scarcely be recognised. Her pyramids are empty, and her catacombs will soon be tenantless. India is a huge prison, where the human mind has been frozen, though beneath a vertical sun—spell-bound in the adamantine chains of a gloomy superstition—paralyzed, as to all progression, by a senseless policy, for four centuries. The intermediate countries are little better than hordes of semi-barbarians, presenting few excitements so strong as the desire to get out of them. Italy is different. Her mountains, her valleys, and her plains are still romantic, beautiful, fertile. She is peopled almost as numerously by the dead as by the living—the former in shapes and colours more animated than the latter ! The results of ancient genius and of modern art—of natural talent and of acquired science—the efforts of the human mind and body, in past and present times, are here accumulated to a greater extent than in any other country on the face of the globe.

Dr. J. Johnson.

AMBITION.

LIGHT of the noble mind! the proud of earth
 Have ever breathed to thee their matin song;
 And lofty hearts have mingled in the throng
 That gazed entranced upon thy brightness. Worth
 To thee a minister hath been; and birth
 No heritage hath claimed; the student's lore—
 The poet's verse—for thee their visions soar!
 Thy beams may gild a throne, or peasant's hearth:
 Fond worshippers have followed o'er the wave,
 And watched thy rays, as mariners the sun:
 Danger hath stood upon the battlement
 Where rushed thy votary with his banner rent—
 Yet pressed he on, till victory's meed was won,
 In wreaths upon his brow, or glory on his grave!

P. M. Wetmore.

EXAMPLE AND EMULATION.

PERHAPS it may not be for the advantage of any nation to have the arts imported from their neighbours in too great perfection. This extinguishes emulation, and sinks the ardour of the generous youth. So many models of Italian painting brought to England, instead of exciting our artists, is the cause of their small progress in that noble art. The same, perhaps, was the case of Rome, when it received the arts from Greece.

A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think

himself equal to those undertakings, in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind. If his own nation be already possessed of many models, * * * he naturally compares his own juvenile exercises with these ; and being sensible of the great disproportion, is discouraged from any farther attempts, and never aims at a rivalry with those authors whom he so much admires. A noble emulation is the source of every excellence. Admiration and modesty naturally extinguish this emulation. And no one is so liable to an excess of admiration and modesty as a truly great genius. Next to emulation, the greatest encourager of the noble arts is praise and glory. He is animated with new force when he hears the applauses of the world for his former productions ; and, being roused by such a motive, he often reaches a pitch of perfection which is equally surprising to himself and others.

Hume.

CONVIVIAL EPITAPH.

HERE Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He's not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
 hearing :
 When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregio, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Goldsmith.

CHANTRY'S WASHINGTON.

TRANSCENDENT form ! that from the unconscious stone

Hast risen into being and to fame ;

Proud monument of art ! which not alone

The Hero's image, but the Artist's name

Perpetuates to gratitude, and swells

The consecrated temple where it dwells.

How glorious thus to contemplate a name

Revered by every nation ! and to know

That Albion's genius honours thus our fame,

And makes Italia's tribute marble glow ;

Nor leaves of Roman art or Grecian spoil

A nobler object on her classic soil.

Already porticoes like Greece, and domes

Like towering Rome, their grace and grandeur lend

To endear and decorate our native homes ;

And sculpture, tending to its noblest end,

Confined to one immortal object still,

Bestows Canova's, Houdon's, Chantry's skill.*

Let Europe then her choicest labours send !

Such lessons suit Columbia's daring sons,

Whose pencils, emulous of fame, contend

Already in the race that Albion runs :

The Sun of Art which glowed in Rome, may rise

To equal splendour in our Western skies.

* *Canova's* statue of Washington, in Roman costume, at Raleigh, N. C. ; *Houdon's*, in the continental uniform, at Richmond, Va. ; and *Chantry's*, in civic costume, at Boston, Mass.

Mature in youth, a nation at our birth,

We start where Europe stops, or at her side
Extend our commerce o'er the distant earth,

And press where Science leads inventive pride :
So may our arts advance ; to fulness start,
And live enshrined within a people's heart.

R. P.

FACE TO FACE.

WE can scarcely imagine a thing much more pleasant, indeed, to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinize his features, with that careful and intense curiosity that seems necessary to the perfecting a likeness.

Barry Cornwall.

PORTRAITURE.

THAT the admirers of Portrait painting are many, the annual exhibitions show us ; and it is pleasant to read the social and domestic affections of the country in these innumerable productions. In the minds of some they rank with historical compositions ; and there can be no doubt that Portraits which give the form and the soul of poets and statesmen and warriors, and of all whose actions or whose thoughts lend lustre to the land, are to be received as illustrations of history. * * * The painter who wishes for lasting fame must not lavish his fine colours and choice postures on the rich and titled alone ; he must seek to associate his labours with the genius of his country.

A. Cunningham.

HUMAN CAPACITY.

ONE science only will one genius fit ;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Pope.

NOTHING PERFECT.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pope.

GLASS.

WHO, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind ; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life ; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed without his own knowledge or expecta-

tion. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures ; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.

Johnson.

S L E E P.

HUSHED is the world in night and sleep ;
 Earth, sea, and air are still as death ;
 Too rude to break a calm so deep,
 Were music's faintest breath.

* * * * *

No voice is on the air of night,
 Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,
 Nor star, nor moonbeam's trembling light
 Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
 Descend, bright visions, from your airy bower,
 Dark, silent, solemn is your favourite hour.

Mrs. Hemans.

BIRTH OF ART.

· PEOPLE may say what they please about the gradual improvement of the Arts. It is not true of the substance. The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed ; manual dexterity may, indeed, be improved by practice.

S. T. Coleridge.

FANCY.

COME, Fancy ! with thy soul-enrapturing power,
 And lead me through the fairy haunts, where dwell
 Thy magic influences ; * * *

* * * * * *

Where'er thou art, I woo thee from thy cell,
 And give to thee the visions of this hour.

* * * * *

O, dip thy pencil in the Iris' hues,
 And paint thy dwelling place—twin sister of the Muse !

P. M. Wetmore.

DELICACY OF TASTE.

WHATEVER connexion there may be originally between these two species of delicacy, I am persuaded, that nothing is so proper to cure us of this delicacy of passion, as the cultivating of that higher and more refined taste, which enables us to judge of the characters of men, of compositions of genius, and of the productions of the nobler arts. A greater or less relish for those obvious beauties, which strike the senses, depends entirely upon the greater or less sensibility of the temper ; but with regard to the sciences and liberal arts, a fine taste is, in some measure, the same with strong sense, or at least, depends so much upon it that they are inseparable. In order to judge aright of a composition of genius, there are so many views to be taken in, so many circumstances to be compared, and such a knowledge of human nature

requisite, that no man, who is not possessed of the soundest judgment, will ever make a tolerable critic in such performances. And this is a new reason for cultivating a relish in the liberal arts. Our judgment will strengthen by this exercise. We shall form juster notions of life. Many things which please or afflict others will appear to us too frivolous to engage our attentions; and we shall lose by degrees that sensibility and delicacy of passion which is so incommodious. * * * Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship.

Hume.

ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect! with native honour clad,
 * * * seemed lords of all,
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
 * * * * * *
 For contemplation he, and valour formed;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;

* * * * *

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
 Dishevelled ; but in * * * ringlets waved,
 As the vine curls her tendrils. * *

* * * * * *
 So passed they * * * on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill.
 So hand in hand they passed ; * *
 Adam, the goodliest man of men, since born,
 His sons ; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.

Milton.

SENTIMENT OF BEAUTY.

SOME there are, who contend that the laws of taste are not primitive, but secondary ; that our admiration of beauty in material objects is resolvable into other and original emotions, and, more especially, by means of the associating principle, into our admiration of moral excellence. Let the justness of this doctrine be admitted, and its only effect on our peculiar argument is, that the benevolence of God, in thus multiplying our enjoyments, instead of being indicated by a distinct law for suiting the human mind to the objects which surround it, is indicated both by the distribution of those objects, and by their investment with such qualities as suit them to the previous constitution of the mind—that he hath pencilled them with the very colours, or moulded them into the

very shapes which suggest either the graceful or the noble of human character ; that he hath imparted to the violet its hue of modesty, and clothed the lily in its robe of purest innocence, and given to the trees of the forest their respective attitudes of strength or delicacy ; and made the whole face of nature one bright reflection of those virtues which the mind and character of man had originally radiated. If it be not the implantation of a peculiar law in mind, it is, at least, by a peculiar disposition of tints and forms in external nature, that he hath spread so diversified a loveliness over the panorama of visible things ; and thrown so many walks of enchantment around us ; and turned the sights and the sounds of rural scenery into the ministers of so much and such exquisite enjoyment ; and caused the outer world of matter to image forth in such profusion those various qualities, which at first had pleased or powerfully affected us in the inner world of consciousness and thought.

Chalmers.

HEBREW MAIDEN.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies :
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

* * * * *

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

Byron.

EMULATION.

WHATEVER is done skilfully appears to be done with ease ; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation. We are, therefore, more powerfully excited to emulation by those who have attained the highest degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with least reason hope to equal.

Johnson.

WASHINGTON.*

TRIUMPHANT Art ! By whom the mighty dead,
 Long snatched from sight and solemnly entombed,
 Again spring up, with living lustre spread
 O'er every feature, by thy touch relumed !
 How mildly dignified ! How nobly grave !
 A purer joy can freemen wish to share
 Than when is burst the dark sepulchral cave,
 And *thus*, in life's expressiveness, appear
 The great, who godlike lived and glorious died ;
 Who served and saved their country—who have been
 Her shield and strength through war's appalling scene ;
 In peace, her honour, guardian, ornament, and pride ?

Dr. Godman.

* The portrait by R. Peale, in the United States Senate chamber.

MEMORY.

MEMORY is like moonlight, the reflection of brighter rays emanating from an object no longer seen ; and all our retrospects of the past times, as well as our individual remembrances, partake of the softening splendour which covers small faults and imperfections by grand masses of shade, and brings out picturesque beauties and points of interest with apparently brighter effulgence than even when the full sunshine of the present beaming upon them, suffers at the same time the eye to be distracted, and the mind otherwise engaged by a thousand minor particulars. * * * That which was in itself harsh and rude in form, acquires, as it decays, a picturesque beauty which it never knew in its prime.

G. P. R. James.

WITCH OF ATLAS.

THE all-beholding sun had ne'er beholden,
 In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas,
 So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
 In the warm shadow of her loveliness ;—
 He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
 The chamber of gray rock in which she lay—
 She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

* * * * *

A lovely lady garmented in light
 From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
 Two openings of unfathomable night
 Seen through a tempest's cloven roof—her hair

Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
 Picturing her form ! her soft smiles shone afar,
 And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
 All living things toward this wonder new.

* * * * * *

For she was beautiful : her beauty made
 The bright world dim, and every thing beside
 Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :
 No thought of living spirit could abide,
 Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
 On any object in the world so wide,
 On any hope within the circling skies,
 But on her form, and in her eyes.

Shelley.

SOCIAL RECREATION.

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation ; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence ; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles ; and the only choice that nature offers us is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but

contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions, can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints, nor can converse on the most familiar topics without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity or philosophical discoveries may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence.

Johnson.

CULTIVATION OF ART.

THE cultivation of the Arts alone is exempt from the exercise of dangerous power. They alone unalterably and necessarily lead to the attainment of the highest, because the happiest, purposes of social intercourse. Beauty, physical and intellectual, the ornament and delight of our nature, is their perpetual object. The temple of the graces, of all that softens, all that endears, all that unites mankind, is the abode of the arts. They take their visible course over the surface of all the pleasing emo-

tions of the mind; their invisible one penetrates and pervades them. They have no existence but from those qualities of our nature which soothe, which delight, which enrapture.

“Theirs are the lessons, and the plans of peace,
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all,
Embellish life.”

* * * * *

No man may aspire to rank with the highest individuals of his species, who is not able at least to perceive the excellence and beauty of virtue. * * * In a polished nation, half the portion of existing vice may be ascribed to bad taste, to the want of that cultivation of the mind which leads to an habitual preference of the better to the worse. The invisible sceptre which sways and fixes the public morals of a people, is held by the hand of taste.

P. Hoare.

It is this difference of pursuit which marks the morals and characters of mankind; which lays the line between the enlightened philosopher and the half-taught citizen; between the civil citizen and the illiterate peasant; between the law-obeying peasant and the wandering savage of Africa. The man, the nation, must therefore be good, whose chiefest luxuries consist in the refinement of reason; and reason can never be universally cultivated, unless guided by taste, which may be considered as the link between science and common sense.

Goldsmith.

SCULPTURE — PAINTING — POETRY.

Thus all they
 Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
 Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
 Or lightens it to spirit, wheresoe'er
 The form which their creations may essay,
 Are bards: the kindled marble's bust may wear
 More poesy upon its speaking brow,
 Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear.

One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
 Or deify the canvass till it shine
 With beauty so surpassing all below,
 That they who kneel to idols so divine
 Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
 Transfused, transfigured; and the line
 Of poesy, which peoples but the air
 With thought and beings of our mind reflected,
 Can do no more——Then let the Artist share
 The palm. *Byron.*

RENOWN.

WHEREVER the polite arts appear, and flourish in a surpassing degree, the happy native of that soil may, without fear of refutation, arrogate to his country the rare triumph of universal renown. Other perfections shed their lustre like single stars in the canopy of heaven; the influence of the arts alone unites their distant fires, and presents the glories of a constellation. * * *

“O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,
Crowned with the laurel of assenting time.”

In Greece, the arts were applied to the highest purposes of society. They were employed to enforce religion, morality, and obedience to the laws. * * * They multiplied enjoyments, and improved benevolence. * * * Here then they accomplished the signal end for which they are intrusted to man by his Creator.

* * * * *

In this progress of greatness, the course of the fine arts cannot be omitted nor neglected. According to the degree of their cultivation will be estimated the national portion of intellectual sensibility, and its capacity for advancement in mental elegance. * * * A nation is awful by its wisdom, tremendous by its arms, lovely by its intellectual arts.

P. Hoare.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of different worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity.

Young.

TASTE.

REFINED to the most acute perception of all the degrees which lie between the remote extremes of beauty and deformity, of pleasure and pain,—taste is any thing but a blessing ; unless where there is judgment to go deeper into the essential qualities of things, and to discover a moral good beneath a physical evil ; because the outward aspect of our world, even with all its loveliness, and the external character of our circumstances, even with all our enjoyments, are such as often to present pictures repulsive and abhorrent to perceptions more delicate than deep. But the cultivation of taste, when confined as it ought to be to its proper place, and limited to its proper degree, is eminently conducive to our happiness, and eventually to our good. Taste should even rule itself, and set bounds to its own existence, for its laws are as much violated when we are too sublime for useful service, and too delicate for duty, as when we descend to the use of vulgar epithets, and ape the absurdities of our inferiors.

S. Stickney.

TASTE.

SPIRIT of heaven ! descending to adorn
Life's brightest days, of peace and order born ;

* * * * *

Of thee enamoured, as he roves around,
Thou mak'st life's rudest wild enchanted ground :
Whether the muse allures him to the shades,
Where meditation courts the tuneful maids ;

Or touched by music's power, the shell he tries,
 While crowding round responsive passions rise.
 But chief his soul when Painting's glories sway,
 'Thou lov'st through nature's walks to lead his way;
 To point her fairest features, and infuse
 A keener pleasure as his eye pursues ;
 O'er each wild scene to wave thy tissued wings,
 And still present the picturesque of things.
 Fair idol of the soul refined ! whose sway
 The graces own—the powers of art obey ;

* * * * * *

Before thy glance life's awkward forms retreat,
 Thy smile is triumph, and thy frown defeat !

M. A. Shee.

MENDICANT MUSIC.

IT is because music addresses itself to the most exquisite sensations of which we are capable, that its vulgar profanation is so peculiarly distressing ; it is because of its own purity, and refinement, and adaptation to delicate feelings and high sentiments, that we grieve over its prostitution to low purposes ; it is because it is properly the ecstasy of wo, that we cannot bear to hear it sold for filthy pence, grudgingly doled out, or still more grudgingly denied. We hear, at intervals, amidst all the dust and tumult of the city, the tinkling sound of distant music, with the accompaniment of a voice that might once have been sweet. We listen to a lively strain that should have echoed through stately halls, amongst marble pillars, and wreaths of flowers. The voice of the minstrel is strained beyond its natural pitch, but no ear will listen ; it is mo-

dulated, but no heart is charmed. The discord of city sounds, the rattle of wheels, and the busy tread of many feet, carry away the sound, and the sweetness is lost. A plaintive lay comes next, but it is alike unavailable in moving the multitude, and the wretched minstrels wander on, a living exemplification of the impotence of music performed without appropriate feeling, persisted in without fitting accompaniments of time and place, and poured upon ungrateful and inattentive ears.

S. Stickney.

G R E E C E.

AND yet how lovely in thine age of wo,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men ! art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now ;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well recorded worth.

* * * * *

YET are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields ;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Byron.

THE SITTER.

THERE is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture, which many persons are not aware of. People are coy on this subject at first, coquet with it, and pretend not to like it, as is the case with other venial indulgences, but they soon get over their scruples, and become resigned to their fate.

* * * 'The fact is that having one's picture painted is like the creation of another self, and that is an idea of the repetition or reduplication of which no man is ever tired to the thousandth reflection. * * * I do not conceive there is a stronger call upon secret gratitude than having made a favourable likeness of any one. * * *

He is no mean friend who conceals from ourselves, or only gently indicates, our obvious defects to the world.

* * * It seems to me a piece of mere impertinence not to sit as *well* as one can in these circumstances. I put the best face I can upon the matter, as well out of respect to the artist as to myself. * * * I have no notion how people go to sleep, who are sitting for their pictures. It is an evident sign of want of thought and of internal resources. There are some individuals, all of whose ideas are in their hands and feet—make them sit still, and you put a stop to the machine altogether.

* * * Children are particularly sensible of this constraint from their thoughtlessness. It is the next thing with them to wearing the fool's cap at school, yet they are proud of having their pictures taken. * * * Charles the First's children seem to have been good sitters, and the great dog sits like a Lord Chancellor.

Anon.

WINTER.

I SAW him on his throne, far in the north,
 Him ye call winter, picturing him ever
 An aged man, whose frame, with palsied shiver,
 Bends o'er the fiery element, his foe.
 But him I saw was a young god, whose brow
 Was crowned with jagged icicles, and forth
 From his keen spirit, like eyes, there shone a light
 Broad, glaring, and intensely cold and bright.
 His breath, like sharp-edged arrows, pierced the air;
 The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet;
 His finger on all murmuring waters sweet
 Lay icily,—motion nor sound was there;
 Nature seemed frozen—dead; and still and slow
 A winding sheet fell o'er her features fair,
 Flaky and white, from his wide wings of snow.

Frances A. Kemble.

DOMESTIC TYRANT.

THE unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with
 this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always
 in his sight. * * * The domestic oppressor dooms
 himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with
 terror and with sorrow; and he beholds every moment
 the effects of his own barbarities. He that can bear to
 give continual pain to those who surround him, and can
 walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence;
 he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and
 meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or

demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition ; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Johnson.

SKETCH OF BYRON.

ONE long used
 To sojourn among strangers, everywhere
 (Go where he would, along the wildest track)
 Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
 And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
 Who love the haunts of genius ; one who saw,
 Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
 But mingled not, and 'mid the din, the stir,
 Lived as a separate spirit. * * *
 * * His clustering locks were turned
 Gray ; * * * yet his voice,
 Still it was sweet ; still from his eye the thought
 Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
 Waiting for words, * * *
 * * * He is now at rest ;
 And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
 Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
 Gone like a star that through the firmament
 Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
 Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
 Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
 Of all things low or little ; nothing there
 Sordid or servile.

Rogers.

MASILLON.

It seems, says his admirers, that he is yet in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those unstudied gestures, that passionate tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, and conveying to the mind the most brilliant light, and to the heart the most tender emotions. Baron, the tragedian, coming out from one of his sermons, truth forced from his lips a confession humiliating to his profession; "My friend," said he to one of his companions, "this is an *orator*, and we are only *actors*."

J. D'Israeli.

SOLITUDE.

THERE is no solitude on earth so deep
As that where man decrees that man shall weep.

Mrs. Hemans.

LAUGHTER.

MAN is the merriest species of the creation; all above and all below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

Addison.

CRITICS.

YET if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
 The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right ;
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced. *Pope.*

ORNAMENTS.

A VIRTUOUS mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms. As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues ; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. * * *
 The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good humour. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness. *Addison.*

BUFFON.

WHO is he that advances with a firm and gigantic step in this route yet unfrequented? It is an orator, it is a poet, it is a philosopher,—it is Buffon!—whose mind is vast as the world—whose imagination is fertile as nature. Ages which have flown—ages which will flee away, are present to him: neither the height of the heavens, nor the profundity of the earth, nor immensity which the human eye cannot embrace, nor exiguity which it cannot seize, can steal a secret from his genius. Confident of the origin and end of things, he sees, divines, explains, from the enormous quadruped which weighs upon the globe, even to the meanest insect, of which the herb shelters its littleness; exact and magnific, majestic and simple, he seems to create. A vulgar idiom translates but imperfectly the conceptions of this superior mind. That language, new and sublime as his ideas—that language which Buffon speaks, he himself has created it.

Arnaud.

PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image nature sees,

In union with the graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please;

In whose creative hand the hues
Stolen from yon airy rainbow shine,

I bless thy Promethean muse,
And call thee fairest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power !
 Persuasive more than poet's tongue !

Whose lineage in a raptured hour,*
 From love, the sire of nature, sprung !

Does hope her high professions meet ?
 Is joy triumphant ? sorrow flown ?

Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
 When all we love is all our own !

But ah, thou pulse of pleasure dear,
 How throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
 Love's absence plants a pang severe,
 Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy ! to light
 On memory's sad and wakeful eye ;
 Or banish from the noon of night
 Her dreams of deepest agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll ?
 Ye now the tenderest air repeat
 That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
 And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt !
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near !
 O hush that strain too deeply felt !
 O cease that transport too severe !

But thou, severely silent art !
 By heaven and love wast taught to lend
 A milder solace to the heart,
 The sacred image of a friend.

* Alluding to the supposed origin of painting, from a Corinthian female sketching the shadow of her lover's profile, as he lay asleep.

All is not lost, of that possess :
 For me, thou sweet memorial, shine,
 While close and closer to my breast
 I hold the idol all divine ;

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
 Mild o'er the loved departed form,
 'Till death's cold bosom half appears
 With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks, she lives ! this tranced hour,
 Her bright eye seems a purer gem
 Than sparkles on the throne of power,
 Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius ! yes, thy mimic aid
 A treasure to my soul has given,
 Where beauty's canonized shade
 Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
 The softening, sweetening tints restore,
 For thou canst give me back the dead
 Even in the loveliest look they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse,
 Whose hand her perished grace redeems,
 Whose tablet of a thousand hues
 The mirror of creation seems.

Campbell.

DEFINITION!

PAINTING is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

S. T. Coleridge.

NATURAL AND MORAL HARMONY.

IN the wildest appearances of the natural world—in the clouds when they are piled in the most irregular masses in the atmosphere, there is ever a pervading and essential harmony of light, and shade, and form, which the common observer feels, though unconsciously, and without the perception of which the efforts of the artist are utterly fruitless. In the scenes and phenomena of the moral and intelligent world, a like coherence exists as a vital and all connecting element. * * * Nature and truth have their own marks which they impress upon every work of theirs ; marks which to some extent human art may counterfeit, but which, after all, transcend the reach of fiction as much as the great Intelligence that upholds all objects and controls all events exceeds the mind of man.

W. H. Furness.

COLOURS OF LIFE.

WE, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,
 Reflect the light our common nature gave,
 But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
 Wears on our hearts some colouring of our own ;
 Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,
 Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea ;
 Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
 Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of God ;
 Pure, pale in virtue, as the star above,
 Or quivering roseate on the leaves of love ;

Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon
 Ambition's sands,—the desert in the sun ;
 Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
 Life's common colouring,—intellectual green,
 Thus Heaven, repeating its material plan,
 Arched over all the rainbow mind of man.

O. W. Holmes.

CREATION.

ACKNOWLEDGING the Gospel to be the *record*, the register of sacred truths, I cannot forget that creation is the scene of their exhibition, the residence of the reality. God's name is in the Bible ; his presence is in the world. Inspiration speaks of his power ; creation exemplifies it. Sacred men declare his wisdom ; a more sacred universe displays it.

J. Martineau.

DREAMS OF LOVE.

WAKE him not, he dreams of bliss,
 His little lips put forth a kiss ;
 His arms, entwined in virgin grace,
 Seem linked in beautiful embrace.

He smiles,—and on his opening lip
 Might saints refresh and angels sip ;
 He blushes,—'tis the rosy light
 That morning wears on leaving night.

He sighs,—'tis not the sigh of wo ;
 He only sighs that he may know
 If kindred sighs another move ;
 For mutual sighs are signs of love.

He speaks,—it is his dear one's name ;
 He whispers,—still it is the same ;
 The imprisoned accents strive in vain,
 They murmur through his lips again.

He wakes ! the silly little boy,
 To break the mirror thus of joy ;
 He wakes to sorrow, and in pain ;
 O ! Love, renew thy dreams again.

Anon.

HISTORY—LANDSCAPE—PORTRAIT.

AN historical scene is a fiction merely. Be it ever so true to nature, it is still the fiction of the painter. But a Portrait is truth itself. No imagination can compete with it. * * * Even in a Portrait (to use the term) of inanimate nature—what assemblage of cataracts, and hills, and forests,—what glories of sunset or meridian, may compare with the little landscape, which restores to us the scene of our own quiet home—which brings before us our childhood—the tree under which we have played—the river beside which we have walked or sported ? Art, which never addresses itself, strictly speaking, to our reason, is valuable only in proportion as it operates on our feelings : these are seldom (and then but little) excited by the mere invention of a painter : we rather sympathize with his difficulties ; we congratulate him on his success : we say, “ How admirably has he grouped those figures ! how finely are the light and shade distributed ! what a grand expression ! what dramatic effect ! ” We look upon the artist as a hero ; he has done much for his

own fame. But he who gives us the very smile which won or warms our hearts—the frank or venerable aspect of our friend or father—the dawning beauty of our child—or shows us the tender eyes with which the wife or mother looks love upon us from a distant region,—he seems to have thought of us rather than of his own renown, and becomes at once our benefactor and our friend!

Barry Cornwall.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BUT she, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
 And blessed, the Muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claim the enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From nature's beauties variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 'Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
 Enamoured consecrates to never-dying fame.

Dr. Beattie.

CHEERFUL INNOCENCE.

A CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Addison.

MEMORY'S SPELL.

THEY both were hushed—the voice—the chords—

I heard but once the witching lay ;
And few the tones, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away.

* * * * *

In vain with hints from other strains
I wooed this truant air to come,
As birds are taught on eastern plains
To love their wild and kindred home.

* * * * *

At length one morning, as I lay
In that half waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams—

A face,—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,—
Came with its music close to mine ;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
Each note and word with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect—all again my own !

* * * * *

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talked of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

T. Moore.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;

How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtains of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams ;

The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil !

To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

* * * * *

Night is the time to muse ;

Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

J. Montgomery.

THE GOOD SIDE.

THERE is no object in nature and the world, without its good, useful, or amiable side. He who discovers that side first in inanimate things is sagacious; and he who discovers it in the animate, is liberal.

Lavater.

LIGHT.

BLEST power of sunshine ! genial day,
 What balm, what life is in thy ray !
 To feel thee is such real bliss,
 That had the world no joy but this,
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !

Moore.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IRVING is at once the Raphael and the Teniers of literary art. His productions are animated with the graceful freedom of the Italian painter, and finished with the exquisite minuteness of the Flemish artist. * * * He rises with the one to sketch the features of nature's grandest scenes, and descends with the other to elaborate the lace upon a lady's sleeve. * * * He proceeds with the untiring diligence of the painter in the dream of Addison, till the picture slowly flowers into perfection under the

scarce perceptible touches of his pencil. * * * So fresh, so vivacious is the offspring of his toil—that it seems to proclaim, like the morning lily, that the hand which framed its form, and fashioned its beauties, was one that wrought with the lightness of a spirit. * * * A work of his is not a rose tree, bearing detached beauties, the rest neglected and thorny—but it is like a geranium plant, all sweetness itself—every leaf a flower. Irving's associations are all historical; * * * every spot of ground is a passage in the chronicle of a nation's history. He retires to the running brook, and is not affected by the beauty of the trickling waters, or the grace of the bending water lily; but he remembers that this stream, which, now clear as the conscience of an infant, and quiet as the joy of an old man, was once deep stained with the blood of contending chieftains, and rang with the shouts of victory and defeat. He ascends a mountain, not to sketch a scene or copy a view, but to weep over the last sigh of the parting Moor.

W. S. Somner.

SILENT ART.

THE youth had started up, and turned away
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground,
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;

Nor yet too warm, but touched with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part,
 Which knows even beauty when half veiled is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest !

Moore.

POPULAR ERRORS.

THE beauties of form, character, and composition, are neither so interesting to the public, nor so much cultivated by the painter, as other qualities of art, which must be considered of an inferior description ; * * * the ideal is subordinate to the mechanical ; * * * and although in painting, and in music, the taste of the Italian school is always spoken of with rapture by the dilettanti of both arts ; it nevertheless appears to have made but little real progress amongst us. * * * We almost invariably applaud the difficult, instead of the agreeable, and mistake the vice of the means for the perfection of the end. We prefer the strong impulse of surprise to the delicate touch of delight, and are seldom satisfied unless we are astonished. A rapid succession of demi-semi-quavers poured forth in a fantastic variety of flights and flourishes, to the utter confusion of melody and common sense, we admire as the perfection of music. A mechanical sleight of hand, a fluttering dexterity of pencil, or a laborious minuteness of vulgar imitative detail, we approve as the excellence of art. We forget that the most obvious are not the most arduous difficulties ; that the most exquisite efforts of skill are often concealed in their own ingenuity, and least palpable when most successful.

M. A. Shee.

THE FANATIC.

O, the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away ;
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow ; alchymists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out ;
 But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Moore.

LEARNING.

THE regard which they whose abilities are employed in the works of imagination claim from the rest of mankind, arises in a great measure from their influence on futurity. Rank may be conferred by princes, and wealth bequeathed by misers or by robbers ; but the honours of a lasting name, and the veneration of distant ages, only the sons of learning have the power of bestowing.

Johnson.

LORDS OF THE EARTH!

Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself !
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,

Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other.

Byron.

DISPOSITION.

THAT it is every man's interest to be pleased, will need little proof: that it is his interest to please others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not less necessary to happiness than to virtue, that he rid his mind of passions which make him uneasy to himself, and hateful to the world; which enchain his intellects, and obstruct his improvement.

Johnson.

DISTANT MUSIC.

AND music too—dear music! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

Moore.

WEALTH OF TASTE.

LITERATURE, like virtue, is its own reward, and the enthusiasm some experience in the permanent enjoyment of a vast library, has far outweighed the neglect or the calumny of the world, which some of its votaries have received.

J. D'Israeli.

IAN THE ASLEEP.

Yes! she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence,
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.

Her dewy eyes are closed,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby sleep is pillowed :
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.

* * * * *

O! not the visioned poet in his dreams,
 When silvery clouds float through the wildered brain ;
 When every sight of lovely, wild, and grand,
 Astonishes, enraptures, elevates ;
 When fancy at a glance combines
 The wondrous and the beautiful,—
 So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
 Hath ever yet beheld,
 As that which reined the coursers of the air,
 And poured the magic of her gaze
 Upon the maiden's sleep.

Shelley.

PLEASURE AND INSTRUCTION.

ALL the fine arts have a double purpose ; they are destined both to please and instruct ;—the pencil of the painter, like the pen of the philosopher, ought always to be directed by reason and good sense. He must present to the understanding and judgment of the spectator, something more than is offered to the external eye ; his art will inspire him, and kindle in his soul the divine flame that Prometheus is said once to have brought by stealth from the celestial regions.

Winkelman.

CONSOLATION.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,
 Friends have deceived, neglect hath wrung ?
 Hast thou some grief that none may know,
 Some lonely, secret, silent wo ?
 Or have thy fond affections fled
 From earth to slumber with the dead !
 O ! pause a while—the world disown,
 And dwell with nature's self alone !
 And though no more she bids arise
 Thy soul's departed energies,
 And though thy joy of life is o'er,
 Beyond her magic to restore ;
 Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,
 And soothe the wounded heart they cannot heal.

Mrs. Hemans.

BIGOTRY.

SHE has no head, and cannot think—no heart, and cannot feel! when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin! Her prayers are curses; her god is a demon; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of saints; and if she stops a moment in her flight, it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wings for a more sanguinary desolation.

Anon.

INDOLENCE.

IT was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtained the brightest palm of art,
 That soft, yet ardent Athens learned to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme! complete in every part!
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows:
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Thomson.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginative. It is no doubt a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style; but then it depends much more on execution for its effect.

S. T. Coleridge.

PAINTING.

Peopling, with art's creative power,
The lonely home, the silent hour.

'Tis to the pencil's magic skill
Life owes the power, almost divine,
To call back vanished forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey resign :
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved so well :
The speaking look, the form of grace,
All on the living canvass dwell :
'Tis there the childless mother pays
Her sorrowing soul's idolatry ;
There love can find, in after days,
A talisman to memory !

'Tis thine, o'er History's storied page,
To shed the halo-light of truth ;
And bid the scenes of by-gone age
Still flourish in immortal youth—
The long forgotten battle-field,
With mailed men to people forth ;
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,
To show the mighty ones of earth—
To shadow, from the holy book,
The images of sacred lore ;
On Calvary, the dying look
That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,
When little ones were suffered near—

The lips that bade the dead arise,
 To dry the widowed mother's tear :
 These are the triumphs of the art,
 Conceptions of the master mind ;
 Time-shrouded forms to being start,
 And wondering rapture fills mankind !

Led by the light of Genius on,
 What visions open to the gaze !
 'Tis nature all, and art is gone,
 We breathe with them of other days.

P. M. Wetmore.

STRIKING PICTURES.

IT is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE INVADERS.

THEY came in their panoplied might,
 In the pride of their chivalrous name ;
 For music to them were the sounds of the fight—
 On the red carnage-field was their altar of fame :
 They came as the ocean wave comes in its wrath,
 When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep ;
 They came as the mountain-wind comes on its path,
 When the tempest hath roused it from sleep :

They were met, as the rock meets the wave,
 And dashes its fury to air ;
 They were met, as the foe should be met by the brave,
 With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair !

P. M. Wetmore.

EXAMPLE OF GREECE.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the Greeks taught their children the art of drawing, with a view to enable them to judge with discernment and taste, of those bodily proportions that constitute true beauty.

Winkelman.

BURLESQUE!

THE sun prepares to go to bed,
 And leaves the sky with eyes so red
 That in the day were blue—
 She blushes with a crimson glow,
 That in the dark he'd leave her so,
 And weeps in pearly drops of dew !

Anon.

BELISARIUS.

I LOOK at a painting: it represents an old man, a child, a woman giving alms, and a soldier, whose attitude expresses astonishment. I admire the fidelity, the truth, and colouring of the picture ; and my eye is intensely gratified. But remaining ignorant of the subject, I go away, and the whole shortly vanishes from my memory ;

I see it again, and am now struck with the inscription at the bottom, "Date obulum Belisario." I remember an interesting passage of history. A crowd of moral images throng upon my spirit; I soften to tenderness; and I comprehend the affecting lesson, which the artist is giving me. I review the painting, again and again: and thrill at the view of the blind warrior, and of the child holding out his helmet to receive alms.

Droz.

HAPPY IGNORANCE.

THE lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven,
That views with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

Pope.

MODESTY.

A SIMPLE and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and his generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist dispenses every other person from the obligation to praise him. A truly modest man,

emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtue the same charm which chastity adds to beauty.

Droz.

FLOWERS OF THE CITY.

THEY who search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depth no lovelier ones than ours ;
For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies ;
And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
The anemonies by forest fountains rise ;
And the spring beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

* * * * *

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the eye
Treads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.

W. C. Bryant.

GOOD TASTE.

THE beneficial effects of good taste are to be found even where you least suspect its presence ; it everywhere silently excludes wanton superfluity, or useless expenditure, in labour or ornament ; it inculcates a wise and dignified economy ; it prompts art to achieve its ends by the simplest means ; it gives to the productions of mechanical

skill all the durability and elegance of which they may be susceptible, by lending to them those forms, proportions, combinations of colours, and agreeable associations, which, because they are most simply and obviously fitted to their peculiar purposes, or are congruous to natural principles of man's physical or moral constitution, have pleased for ages, and will ever continue to please.

Verplanck.

GRECIAN MODELS.

'To form your taste, and educate your eye
In beauty's school, to polished Greece apply.

* * * * *

She, first the powers of just proportion found,
And scattered parts in beauteous union bound ;
Assembled kindred sweets from every clime,
And formed a standard for admiring time.

* * * * *

'Though lost her sceptre, yet her learning sways,
Her arts still dictate, and the world obeys.
O ! triumph truly great ! to rule the mind,
And hold wits' mild dominion o'er mankind !

M. A. Shee.

COLLOQUIAL WIT.

PERHAPS no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praise is

unknown and unenjoyed ; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows ; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

Johnson.

THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast ocean ! ever sounding sea !
Thou symbol of a dread eternity !

* * * * *

Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.

* * * * *

Thou trackless and immeasurable main !
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it : line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps.

* * * * *

O ! wonderful thou art, great element :
And fearful in thy spleeny humour bent,
And lovely in repose : thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
“ Eternity, eternity, and power.” *B. Cornwall.*

THE TERRIBLE IN ART.

OBJECTS of the greatest terror and distress please in painting, and please more than the most beautiful objects that appear calm and *indifferent*. * * * The force of imagination, the energy of expression, the power of numbers, the charms of imitation ; all these are naturally, of themselves, delightful to the mind. And when the object presented lays also hold of some affection, the pleasure still rises upon us, by the conversion of this subordinate movement into that which is predominant. The passion, though perhaps naturally, and when excited by the simple appearance of a real object, it may be, painful ; yet is so smoothed, and softened, and mollified, when raised by the finer arts, that it affords the highest entertainment.

Hume.

THE SEASONS.

Who loves not spring's voluptuous hours,
 The carnival of birds and flowers ?
 Yet who would choose, however dear,
 That spring should revel all the year ?
 Who loves not summer's splendid reign,
 The bridal of the earth and main ?
 Yet who would choose, however bright,
 A dog day noon without a night ?
 Who loves not autumn's joyous round.
 When corn, and wine, and oil abound ?
 Yet who would choose, however gay,
 A year of unrenewed decay ?

Who loves not winter's awful form ?
 The sphere-born music of the storm ?
 Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
 The shortest day to last forever ?

Montgomery.

M A T T E R.

MATTER, then, is the production of an almighty Intelligence, and as such entitled to our reverence; although from a just abhorrence of many ancient, and not a few modern errors, it has too often been regarded in a low and contemptible light. * * * It evinces in every part and in every operation the impress of a divine origin, and is the only pathway vouchsafed to our external senses by which we can walk—

“Through nature up to nature's God ;”

that God, whom we behold equally in the painted pebble and the painted flower—in the volcano and in the cornfield—in the wild winter storm and in the soft summer moonlight.

J. M. Good.

M E N T A L P O R T R A I T U R E.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !

* * * * *

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute.

* * * * *

Pictures, like these, dear madam ! to design,
Ask no firm hand and no unerring line ;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right ;
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

Pope.

OUTLINE.

WHEN the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London for the purpose of negotiating a peace, Charles Townsend, being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, “He did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador.”

Anon.

IMITATION.

SUCH is the delight we have in imitation, that what would in itself give neither pleasure nor pain, may become agreeable when well imitated. We see without emotion many faces, and other familiar objects ; but a good picture, even of a stone, or common plant, is not be-

held with indifference. No wonder, then, that what is agreeable in itself, should, when surveyed through the medium of skilful imitation, be highly agreeable. A good portrait of a grim countenance is pleasing ; but a portrait equally good of a beautiful one is still more so.

J. Beattie.

MAGNANIMITY.

IF thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee all with truth—
Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place ;
A soul, by force of sorrows, high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity !

Wordsworth.

ENTHUSIASM.

ENTHUSIASM is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

Buhner.

SKETCH.

Could I paint
Her picture then ! paint her voluptuous lip,
With its sweet curl of pride ; the shaded eye
In its dark liquid lustre ; the fair brow
With its light wandering veins, and raven braid
Contrasting with its whiteness ; the faint blush

Upon her cheek, of maiden modesty,
 And the rich outline, melting into grace,
 Of her unmatched proportions : over all,
 Could I but make the picture eloquent
 With the deep, reedy music of her tone,
 Or lend to you the golden leaf which bears
 The sketch within my memory !

N. P. Willis.

SLATTERN.

THERE is a kind of anxious cleanliness which I have always noted as the characteristic of a slattern ; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery, and shunning suspicion : it is the violence of an effort against habit, which, being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

Johnson.

TRUE TASTE.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all let Nature never be forgot ;
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
 Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points who pleasingly compounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Pope.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

BEAUTY is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic action is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thoughts and will, he takes up the world into himself. * * * Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

W. Emerson.

PORTRAIT.

He who'd paint the fair
Must mix the blending colours, soft as air;—
To hit the piercing lustre of her eye,
Must catch the light and azure of the sky:—
To fill the piece with corresponding glow,
Must dip his pencil in the eastern bow;

Then o'er her locks and dimpled cheeks must shed
 The paley orange, and the lively red ;—
 Must shade the mellow back-ground of the scene
 With mingled tints of violet and green ;—
 Upon her lips, must smiles and graces play ;
 The coral melting in the dews of May,
 Must just disclose the ivory beneath ;—
 And *though* she breathe not, she must *seem* to breathe.

J. Pierpont.

DIVINE INFLUENCE OF TASTE.

THE Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath *his* care to provide for the gratification of sentiments precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley, not one boundless ploughed field to yield food ; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one sober-suited colour ; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence ; such a world, the dwelling place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern *utility* alone, but of many and diversified influences ; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

When is *our* country to work out a higher problem, and to show that every thing *graceful* in art may be united with every thing *useful* in society ; nay, that gracefulness, beauty, perfection in art, is one, and one not the least of the interests of society ?

O. Dewey.

CHANGES OF FASHION.

A VOLUME on this subject might be made very curious and interesting; for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste, than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result; the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

J. D'Israeli.

MORAL PERSPECTIVE.

Howe'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagined pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought;
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

* * * * *

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy flight:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the fight.

* * * *

At distance, through an artful glass,
 To the mind's eye things well appear :
 They lose their forms, and make a mass
 Confused and black if brought too near.

Prior.

Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
 Considered singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

Pope.

GRATITUDE.

SOFT roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Thomson.

LIGHT AND VISION.

SUCH is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves; a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which integrates every mass of objects, of what character soever, into a well-coloured and shaded globe, so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they com-

pose is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful.

* * * But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them, as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

W. Emerson.

THE MASTER PENCIL.

Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid her gay creation, hues like hers?
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

Thomson.

ARISTOTLE.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS describes the person of the Stagyr-rite.—His eyes were small, his voice hoarse, and his legs lank. He stammered, was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. * * * Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher, though his works are so austere; he was open, pleasant, and even charming

in his conversation ; fiery and volatile in his pleasures.
 * * * He is described as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic.
 He joined to a taste for profound erudition that of an
 elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned
 him such expenses when he was young, that he consumed
 all his property.

J. D'Israeli.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,
 Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,
 And Paradise, unknown to crime,
 Beneath the love of angels grew ;
 Each flower was then a spirit's home,
 Each tree a living shrine of song.

* * * * *

A voiceless eloquence and power—
 Language that hath no life in sound—
 Still haunts, like truth, the spirit flower,
 And hallows even sorrow's ground.
 The wanderer gives it memory's tear,
 Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf ;
 And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
 Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,

* * * * *

Which melts and moves our souls—

* * * * *

I will believe a spirit dwells
 Within the flower !

C. Swain.

P L E A S U R E.

P L E A S U R E is very seldom found where it is sought ; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect ; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

Johnson.

M U S I C.

Y O U N G thoughts have music in them, love
 And happiness their theme ;
 And music wanders in the wind
 That lulls a morning dream.
 And there are angel voices heard
 In childhood's frolic hours,
 When life is but an April day
 Of sunshine and of flowers.

There's music in the forest leaves
 When summer winds are there,
 And in the laugh of forest girls
 That braid their sunny hair.
 The first wild bird that drinks the dew
 From violets of the spring,
 Has music in his song, and in
 The fluttering of his wing.

F. G. Halleck.

THE STORM PAINTER.

BRING me the music of the sweeping sea !

Within me dwells a flame,
 An eagle caged and tame,
 Till called forth by the harping of the blast ;
 Then is its triumph hour,
 It springs to sudden power,
 As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvass o'er,
 With hurried hand I pour
 The lava waves and gusts of my own soul !
 Kindling to fiery life
 Dreams, worlds of pictured strife ;—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and, dark clouds, roll !

F. Hemans.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE Greeks and Romans erected a temple to each individual of their numerous deities. The buildings were consequently of limited extent. * * * The citizens sacrificed singly to the gods, or attended public festivals, comprehending large masses of the people ; in which event the officiating priest or priestess entered the temple, and the assembled votaries were grouped without. In our churches, on the contrary, the population of a city is often congregated for hours ; and how magnificently adapted for the object is the vast and solemn interior of a Gothic cathedral, in which the voice of the priest reverberates like thunder, and the chorus of the people rises

like a mountain gust, praising the great Father of all, and rousing the affrighted conscience of the infidels ; while the mighty organ, the tyrant of music, rages like a hurricane, and rolls his deep floods of sound in sublime accompaniment ! How grand were the conceptions of the rational barbarians to whom Europe is indebted for these vast and noble structures ! And how immeasurably they surpass, for all meditative purposes, the modern application of Greek and Roman temples, on an enlarged scale, to the purposes of Christian worship !

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CONCEIT.

I LOVE sweet features ; I will own
 That I should like myself
 To see my portrait on a wall,
 Or bust upon a shelf ;
 But nature sometimes makes one up
 Of such sad odds and ends,
 It really might be quite as well
 Hushed up among one's friends !

O. W. Holmes.

PICTURES IN CHURCHES.

PAINTING is a language as truly as that which is heard from the pulpit. Whose mind would not be touched and elevated, if, as he took his seat in church and waited a few moments, perhaps, for the service—better so than the service should wait for him—he could fix his eye upon some scripture scene living upon the canvass ;

upon some saint, rapt and entranced in heavenly contemplation ; or upon some noble martyr, triumphing through faith over the agonies of death ? The silent walls would then teach us. We should worship, as it were, amidst the innumerable company of saints and angels ; the shadowy forms of the venerated dead would seem to hover around our altars ; and we should meditate and pray amid the opening visions of heaven.

O. Dewey.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

'THOU art forgotten ! thou, whose feet
 Were listened for like song !
 They used to call thy voice so sweet ;
 It did not haunt them long.
 'Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
 How could they bear their lonely hearth !

There is no picture to recall
 Thy glad and even brow ;
 No profiled outline on the wall
 Seems like thy shadow now ;
 They have not even kept to wear
 One ringlet of thy golden hair.

Miss Landon.

W. IRVING'S PENCIL.

MR. IRVING writes well, because he thinks well ; because his ideas are just, clear, and definite. He knows what he wants to say, and expresses it distinctly and in-

telligibly, because he so apprehends it. There is also no affectation in the writer, because there is none in the man. There is no pomp in his sentences, because there is no arrogance in his temper. There is no overloading with ornament, because, with the eye of an artist, he sees when he has got enough ; and he is sprightly and animated because he catches his tints from nature, and dips his pencil in truth, which is always fresh and racy.

North American Review.

VOICE OF NATURE.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language ; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware.

Bryant.

CIVILIZATION.

WE are apt to entertain erroneous notions of the pleasures enjoyed in past ages. Fabulists have represented them as peaceful, innocent, and gay ; but if we look narrowly into the conditions of the savage and barbarian of the present day, and recollect that these are the states of all individuals before the acquisition of scientific knowledge, we shall not much or long regret the pretended diminution of enjoyment by civilization.

THE HERDSMAN.

O, THEN, what soul was his, when on the tops
 Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
 Rise up and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces did he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form
 All melted into him ; they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life,
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed ; he proffered no request ;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise
 His mind was a thansgiving to the Power
 That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

Wordsworth.

GENIUS—JUDGMENT—TASTE.

NATURE produces innumerable objects ; to imitate them is the province of genius ; to direct these imitations is the property of judgment ; to decide on their effects is the business of taste. For taste, who sits as supreme

judge on the productions of genius, is not satisfied when she merely imitates nature: she must also, says an ingenious French writer, imitate *beautiful* nature. It requires no less judgment to reject than to choose, and genius might imitate what is vulgar, under pretence that it was natural, if taste did not carefully point out those objects which are most proper for imitation.

H. More.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
 In her fair page; see, every season brings
 New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
 Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
 Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings,
 And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
 Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
 The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep
 In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

W. C. Bryant.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

THE names and the works of men of genius become the property of their country; they form a rich and lasting possession, which it is a legitimate object of patriotism to acquire and increase. Older nations, in summing up the long catalogue of their statesmen, poets, and scholars, are proud to add to it such as those of Angelo, Canova, Raphael, Rembrandt, Poussin, Claude, Murrillo, Rubens, Reynolds, and Lawrence: why should not we

do the same? To be able to do it very little is needed. The natural talent is here, and, when conscious of its heaven-given strength, but uncertain how to apply it, it heaves and pants in the young breast, and rises in vain aspirations after it knows not what, or wastes itself in blind efforts; how little is wanting to unveil to it the secret of its own powers; to give it a steady and true direction; and enable it to expand and dilate itself by its own energies to the full stature and majestic proportions of genius!

Verplanck.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

* * * * *

Let in through all the trees,
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

* * * * *

O, autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
 Forever in thy coloured shades to stray ;
 Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
 To rove and dream for aye !

W. C. Bryant.

PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

THE portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable—his eyes of extraordinary clearness ; no defect could be perceived in them ; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind ? But let us thank this abominable hate—we owe to it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness.

“ In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine Presence shines the more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion, because I can see naught but him. The divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but to render me more sacred ; not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behaviour.”

Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth ; studied till noon ; dined frugally ; walked with a guide ; and, in the evening, sang,

accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by *Paradise Lost*, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers; he supped off five or six olives and a little water; retired to rest at nine, and composed at night, in bed. When he had made some verses, he rang, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door.

Chateaubriand.

V I R T U E.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams ;
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Dr. Beattie.

P O E T A N D P A I N T E R.

It is the peculiar privilege of the portrait painter to immortalize BEAUTY, to give duration to the most perishable of heaven's gifts, and bestow upon the fair "a thousand years of bloom." When the poet has done his utmost to describe the charms which kindled his fancy and

inspired his song ; when in the divine spirit of his art he has arrayed

‘ The thing he doats upon, with colouring
 Richer than roses, brighter than the beams
 Of the clear sun at morning ” —

when he has decked out the idol of his imagination in all the pomp of words, and similes culled from whatever is sweetest and loveliest in creation—the bloom of flowers, the freshness of the dawn, the breathings of the spring, and the sparkling of the stars—he has but given us the elements, out of which we compose a beauty, each after a fashion and fancy of our own. Painting alone can place before us the personal identity of the poet’s divinity—made such by the superstition of love.

Mrs. Jameson.

COMPARISON OF BEAUTY.

A MAN, who has had no opportunity of comparing the different kinds of beauty, is indeed totally unqualified to pronounce an opinion with regard to any object presented to him. By comparisons alone we fix the epithets of praise or blame, and learn how to assign the due degree of each. The coarsest daubing contains a certain lustre of colours and exactness of imitation, which are so far beauties, and would affect the mind of a peasant or Indian with the highest admiration. * * * One accustomed to see, and examine, and weigh the several performances, admired in different ages and nations, can alone rate the merits of a work exhibited to his view, and assign its proper rank among the productions of genius.

Hume.

TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
 From contemplation—where, serenely wrought,
 Seems sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thy air,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
 I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that thou hast nothing to repent,)
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
 Such seemed thou—but how much more excellent !
 With naught remorse can claim—nor virtue scorn.

Byron.

ANOMALY.

MAN obviously stands pre-eminent among sublunary objects, and is distinguished by remarkable endowments above all other terrestrial beings. Nevertheless, no creature presents such anomalous appearances as man. Viewed in one aspect, he almost resembles a demon ; in another, he still bears the impress of the image of God. Seen in his crimes, his wars, and his devastations, he might be mistaken for an incarnation of an evil spirit ; contemplated in his schemes of charity, his discoveries in science, and his vast combinations for the benefit of his race, he seems a bright intelligence from heaven.

G. Combe.

COMMERCE AND THE ARTS.

TRADE is the golden girdle of the globe.

* * * * *

Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
 Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;
 Not only fills necessity's demand,
 But overcharges her capacious hand ;
 Capricious taste itself can crave no more
 Than she supplies from her abounding store ;
 She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
 And gains new vigour at her endless task.
 Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre ;
 From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
 And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
 She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
 Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most
 Where commerce has enriched the busy coast.

Cowper.

WEALTH.

WEALTH is nothing in itself—it is not useful but when it departs from us ; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that, with

regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination ; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity. Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little.

Johnson.

MENTAL MIRROR.

WOULD that there were mirrors for the mind, as well as for the face. The understanding is often deceived, because there is nothing to represent it truly ; and every judge of himself, being seduced by inclination, will always find some loop-hole or other to evade censure. Self-love makes us put on spectacles, to see the things larger than concern ourselves.

J. Northcote.

WINTER.

LET winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-clouded deep !
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform !
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm ;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day !

And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
 The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
 How bright the faggots in his little hall
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !
Campbell.

DILIGENCE.

THE certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ascertain success ; death may intercept the swiftest career ; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

Johnson.

BEAUTY.

Not faster in the summer's ray
 The spring's frail beauty fades away,
 Than anguish and decay consume
 The smiling virgin's rosy bloom,
 Some beauty's snatched each day, each hour ;
 For beauty is a fleeting flower ;
 Then how can wisdom e'er confide
 In beauty's momentary pride ?

Elphinston.

CHILDREN.

A BEAUTIFUL child, I have often thought, is the only living thing that could bear to be transformed alive to heaven. If nature had made me a painter, I certainly think that I should have devoted myself to the portraiture of children.

Campbell.

HOPE.

WITH thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career.

* * * * *

Beloved of heaven ! the smiling muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.

* * * * *

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—O ! leave—the light of hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few, and far between !
Her musing mood shall every pang appease
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please.

* * * * *

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
 Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
 When all the sister planets have decayed ;
 When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
 'Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

Campbell.

OCCUPATION.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance, with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity ; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellect ; and every moment produces something new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Johnson.

TRUTH.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven ;
 They fade, they fly—but truth survives their flight ;
 Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven ;
 Each ray, that shone, in early time, to light
 The faltering footsteps in the path of right,

Each gleam of clearer brightness, shed to aid
 In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
 All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
 Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot fade.
W. C. Bryant.

GRECIAN ART.

THE most superficial observer must be struck with that simplicity without insipidity, that similarity without sameness, which appear in the productions of the Greeks. A kind of family likeness may be said to pervade the whole of their works, which, while it preserves and displays the common character of their art, at the same time admits and exemplifies every variety of form, feature, and expression, that is necessary to mark, with the most delicate discriminations, the distinctive shades of real or imaginary beings. Whatever the subject, there is nothing capricious, arbitrary, or accidental in their mode of treating it. All is the result of measured propriety, of ascertained truth, and settled principle.

The maxims of their taste seem to have obtained the consistency of a code, and to have been established by general convention; for however varied their productions, in beauty, character, and expression, they all appear to be executed in the same style: their artists seem all to have worked by the same light, and to have been guided by principles which regulated even the caprices of fancy, and conducted sensibility to science. Always seeking the perfection of every quality and characteristic of the subject which they proposed to represent, they preserved and aggrandized the general and essential forms,

—suppressed or diminished the particular and unimportant: they subjected the impetuosity of genius to the discipline of industry, and purified taste by reflection and philosophy.

M. A. Shee.

REFLECTION ON THE WATER.

You see

In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree
 Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
 Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there—
 Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all !
 And see those slender top boughs rise and fall ;
 The double strips of silvery sand unite—
 Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
 —Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
 Peck not alone ; that bird below, as thou,
 Is busy after food, and happy, too.
 —They're gone ! both pleased, away together fled.

R. H. Dana.

REWARD OF LABOUR.

IN times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy, as their reward, the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labour. The mind acquires new vigour ; enlarges its powers and faculties ; and, by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites, and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up, when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish

these arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leave nothing but indolence in their place. You even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labour, and recruits the spirits exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Hume.

POETIC FABLES.

THOUGH round the Muse the robe of song is thrown,
 Think not the Poet lives in verse alone.
 Long ere the chisel of the Sculptor taught
 The lifeless stone to mock the living thought;
 Long ere the Painter bade the canvass glow
 With every line the forms of beauty know;
 Long ere the Iris of the Muses threw
 On every leaf its own celestial hue;
 In fable's dress the breath of genius poured,
 And warmed the shapes that later times adored.

O. W. Holmes.

IMAGINATION.

THE happy paintings even of a dream bring joy, until their rainbow hues melt away. The dreams of the imagination have greatly the advantage over those of sleep; our will gives them birth—we prolong, dissipate, and renew them at pleasure. All who have learned to multiply these happy moments, know, at the same time, how to enjoy these agreeable visions, and paint with enchantment those dreamy hours which they owe to the effervescence of a gay imagination.

Droz.

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;
 Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse,
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :
 Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing if Liberty be there ;
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

* * * * * *

Incomparable gem ! thy worth untold ;
 Cheap though blood-bought, and thrown away when sold ;
 May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
 Betray thee, while professing to defend !
 Prize it, ye ministers ; ye monarchs, spare
 Ye patriots, guard it with a miser's care.

Cowper.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

GAYETY is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gayety seldom fails to give some pain ; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Johnson.

SPIRIT OF GREECE.

SPIRIT of ancient Greece ! whose form sublime,
 Gigantic striding, walks the waves of time ;
 Whose voice from out the tomb of ages came,
 And fired mankind to freedom and to fame ;
 Beneath thy sway how life's pure flame aspired !
 How genius kindled, and how glory fired :
 How taste, refining sense—exalting soul,
 Enfranchised mind from passion's coarse control !
 Aroused to deeds, by heaven and earth revered,
 While all the majesty of man appeared.

* * * * *

Lo ! from the ashes of thy arts arise
 Those phœnix fires that glitter in our skies ;
 Thy sun, long set, still lends a twilight ray,
 That cheers our colder clime, and darker day ;
 Exhales high feelings from our glowing hearts,
 Inflames our genius, and refines our arts :
 Still at thy shrine the hero's vows aspire,
 The patriot kindles there his purest fire ;
 Thy virtues still applauding ages crown,
 And rest on thy foundations their renown !
 Beneath the mighty ruins of thy name,
 We build our humbler edifice of fame,
 Collect each shattered part, each shining stone
 Of thy magnificence, by time o'erthrown,
 Arrange the rich materials, rapt, amazed,
 And wonder at the palace we have raised.

M. A. Shee.

COLLECTIONS OF PORTRAITS.

A TASTE for collecting Portraits or busts was warmly pursued in the happier periods of Rome. * * * What is more agreeable to the curiosity of the mind and the eye than the portraits of great characters? * * * Lord Orford preferred an interesting portrait, to either landscape or historical painting. ‘A landscape,’ said he, ‘however excellent in its distribution of wood, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the memory; historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways, in the costume, the grouping, the portraits, and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but a real portrait is truth itself; and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species.

J. D’Israeli.

EMULATION.

YOUNG Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of Art,
From scenes by Raphael’s gifted hand arrayed,
From dreams of heaven, by Angelo portrayed;
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
Sealed with perfection, “sanctified by time;”
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal;
Buoyant with loftier hopes his soul shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;

O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar,
 And worlds of visionary grace explore,
 Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams birth,
 And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Mrs. Hemans.

PROUD MODESTY

IT is to be regretted that men of genius have not been careful to transmit their own Portraits to their admirers ; it forms a part of their characters ; a false delicacy has interfered. Erasmus did not like to have his own diminutive person sent down to posterity, but Holbein was always affectionately painting his friend ; Bayle and others have refused ; but Montesquieu once sat to Dacier, after repeated denials, won over by the ingenious argument of the artist. “ Do you not think,” said Dacier, “ that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it ? ” * * * Of Gray, Shenstone, Fielding, and Akenside, we have no heads for which they sat ; a circumstance regretted by their admirers and by physiognomists.

J. D'Israeli.

DREAMS.

O that dreams were not dreams, for mine have been
 The shadow of my hopes. Hence have I grown
 In love with ideal forms. In youth I saw
 Most beauteous beings in mine hours of sleep—
 Fair maidens with their bright and sunny locks
 Falling o'er necks whose hue was of the snow,

O'er bosoms whose soft throbbings not the veil
Of gossamer could hide from the tranced eye.

* * * * *

'Time flew, and I am now
An aged man with hoary hair, and step
All trembling ; yet I entertain a crowd
Of dreams, but they are of the world whereto
Age and hopes crushed are hurrying me.

Jones.

CIVILIZATION.

LUXURY is a relative term. When the first rude inhabitants of the earth sought shelter from the inclemency of the seasons in a hollow tree, then luxury began. * * *

We lay out our grounds, we trim our hedges, we erect palaces, we decorate our rooms in silk and linens, we are seated on skins or the wool of animals, and we repose on beds of down. At what precise point we are to stop in this dangerous career, it is not easy to say ; but it is by this that taste is displayed, the eye gratified, the limbs reposed, the ingenious encouraged, the mechanic fed, the poor comforted, and the world combined, associated, and improved.

Anon.

LORD CHATHAM.

IN him Demosthenes was heard again ;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.

O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar,
 And worlds of visionary grace explore,
 Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams birth,
 And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Mrs. Hemans.

PROUD MODESTY

IT is to be regretted that men of genius have not been careful to transmit their own Portraits to their admirers ; it forms a part of their characters ; a false delicacy has interfered. Erasmus did not like to have his own diminutive person sent down to posterity, but Holbein was always affectionately painting his friend ; Bayle and others have refused ; but Montesquieu once sat to Dacier, after repeated denials, won over by the ingenious argument of the artist. “ Do you not think,” said Dacier, “ that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it ? ” * * * Of Gray, Shenstone, Fielding, and Akenside, we have no heads for which they sat ; a circumstance regretted by their admirers and by physiognomists.

J. D'Israeli.

DREAMS.

O that dreams were not dreams, for mine have been
 The shadow of my hopes. Hence have I grown
 In love with ideal forms. In youth I saw
 Most beauteous beings in mine hours of sleep—
 Fair maidens with their bright and sunny locks
 Falling o'er necks whose hue was of the snow,

O'er bosoms whose soft throbbings not the veil
Of gossamer could hide from the tranced eye.

* * * * *

'Time flew, and I am now
An aged man with hoary hair, and step
All trembling ; yet I entertain a crowd
Of dreams, but they are of the world whereto
Age and hopes crushed are hurrying me.

Jones.

CIVILIZATION.

LUXURY is a relative term. When the first rude inhabitants of the earth sought shelter from the inclemency of the seasons in a hollow tree, then luxury began. * * *

We lay out our grounds, we trim our hedges, we erect palaces, we decorate our rooms in silk and linens, we are seated on skins or the wool of animals, and we repose on beds of down. At what precise point we are to stop in this dangerous career, it is not easy to say ; but it is by this that taste is displayed, the eye gratified, the limbs reposed, the ingenious encouraged, the mechanic fed, the poor comforted, and the world combined, associated, and improved.

Anon.

LORD CHATHAM.

IN him Demosthenes was heard again ;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.

His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face,
 He stood, as some inimitable hand
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
 No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
 Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
 And every venal stickler for the yoke
 Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Cowper.

SPRING.

THE Spring affords, to a mind so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of its food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gayety, significantly expressed by the *smile* of nature.

Johnson.

MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
 Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
 And place and time are subject to thy sway !
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
 The only pleasures we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober reason play,
 Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

Rogers.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent

ages, who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius. But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen: *He was justly slain.*

Hobhouse.

MUSIC.

We love the grove, we love the grove,
When songsters fill the air ;
But when the night has hushed their song,
There is no beauty there.

We love the charm, we love the charm,
That beauty lends to earth ;
But were it not for music's power,
What, then, were beauty worth ?

We love to think, we love to think,
Of bliss beyond the skies ;
But then 'tis song, 'tis song alone
That makes it paradise !

S. S. G.

ENTHUSIASM.

ENTHUSIASM is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne.

W O M A N.

To Man, the monarch of the earth he trod,
 Great, yet disconsolate, amid his home,
 She came like mercy, robed beyond all dreams,
 In such unvisioned mastery of form—
 With brow so pregnant with divinity—
 With eye so lumined from its godlike fount—
 With tongue so angel toned, and voice like lyres—
 In every thing so chiseled like the work
 Of some heaven-guided sculptor, that she sat,
 At once the guardian and the joy of man,
 Bound to his leaping heart.

G. Mellen.

WITCHERY OF NATURE.

FOR want of the power which is in nature, our writers of romance are compelled to make all their heroines beautiful—to place them upon thrones, or beds of violets—to spangle them over with pearls, and blanch them to the whiteness of snow—to wreath them with roses, and scatter flowers beneath their feet—to endow them with all languages, and all gifts of music and eloquence, pouring forth the wisdom of the sage from the lips of the cherub. But it is not so in common life; there is a witchery in nature which it is impossible for art to attain, and a truly charming woman, clad in russet weeds, may darn her husband's stockings and be charming still,

S. Stickney.

ITALY.

A LAND

Which was the mightiest in its old command,
 And is the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea.
 The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And ever since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced,
Byron.

RISE OF ART.

THERE is certainly something accidental in the first rise and progress of the Arts in any nation. I doubt whether a very satisfactory reason can be given, why ancient Rome, though it derived all its refinements from Greece, could attain only to a *relish* for statuary, painting, and architecture, without reaching the practice of those arts: while modern Rome has been excited by a few remains found among the ruins of antiquity, and has produced artists of the greatest eminence and distinction.
Hume.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age never leaves the world : it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more—but only for the young.

Buhwer.

CHILDHOOD.

THOU bright spirit ! though wishes only show
How weak we are—how little 'tis we know,
My heart will wish that childhood's sacred power
Could still prolong its consecrating hour.

* * * * *

For childhood's bosom is the poet's dream,
The soul is darkened yet by earth, the gleam
Of light that was in Paradise, the tree
Whose fruit is genius, power, and immortality !

* * * * *

And hence the artist and the poet draw
Their power to charm, to elevate, to awe ;
Faithful to childhood's love and interests, lo !
On beauty calling,—Paradise again doth glow !

Miss E. P. Peabody.

UNDERSTANDING AND TASTE.

IT seldom or never happens, that a man of sense, who has experience in any art, cannot judge of its beauty ; and it is no less rare to meet with a man who has a just taste without a sound understanding.

DISCRIMINATION.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation: greater care is still required in representing life, which is so often discoloured by passion or deformed by wickedness. * * * It is therefore not a sufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears; for many characters ought never to be drawn: nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience. * * * There have been men indeed splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villany made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies; but such have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world, and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain. * * * While men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other, and in judging, if not of others, at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute, who confound the colours of right and wrong, and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them. * * * It is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

Johnson.

EXERCISE.

By toil our long-lived fathers earned their food ;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood :
 But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
 God never made his work for man to mend.

* * * * *

He 'scapes the best ; who, nature to repair,
 Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
Dryden.

MODELS.

THE advantage of studying the finest models of the human figure, as exhibited in painting and sculpture, is to raise our ideas of the excellence of forms and proportions to which our nature is capable of attaining ; for, other conditions being equal, the most perfect forms and proportions are always the best adapted for health and activity.
G. Combe.

SENTIMENT.

THERE is no form upon our earth,
 That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
 But has some charm : to draw this forth,
 We need but hearts to feel.
Mrs. Hale.

CITIES.

I do confess them nurseries of the arts
 In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
 The fairest capital of all the world.—

* * * * *

There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
 All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chisel occupy alone
 The powers of sculpture, but the style as much ;
 Each province of her art, her equal care.

Cowper.

JUDGMENT.

A PICTURE that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars ; that is begun in the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural colouring, and such passions and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphael ;—this is what you may justly style a wise picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, until we can assemble all our faculties to make but a tolerable judgment upon it. Other pictures are made for the

eyes only, as rattles are made for children's ears ; and certainly that picture that only pleases the eye, without representing some well chosen part of nature or other, does but show what fine colours are to be sold at the colour-shop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the best imitator of nature is not to be esteemed the best painter, but he that makes the greatest show and glare of colours ; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy draperies is best dressed, and he that can speak loudest is the best orator. Every man when he looks on a picture should examine it according to that share of reason he is master of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men when they walk abroad would make more frequent observations on those beauties of nature which every moment present themselves to their view, they would be better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those errors which most pretenders fall into, who are over hasty in their judgments, and will not stay to let reason come in for a share in the decision. It is for want of this that men mistake in this case, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great ; an impudent fellow for a man of true courage and bravery ; hasty and unreasonable actions for enterprises of spirit and resolution ; gaudy colouring for that which is truly beautiful ; a false and insinuating discourse for simple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too ; and the virtuosos above mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your terms of art. As the shadows in a picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the lights do the bright and lively thoughts. As there should

be but one forcible light in a picture which should catch the eye and fall on the hero, so there should be but one object of our love, even the Author of nature.

Steele.

N A P O L E O N—S T. H E L E N A.

HERE sleeps he now, alone!—not one,
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust; nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

* * * * *

High is his tomb: the ocean flood,
Far, far below, by storms is curled—
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

* * * * *

Pause here! 'The far-off world at last
Breathes free, the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No!

'The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry—
The mournful mourner of the surge,
The clouds' deep voice, the winds' low sigh.

J. Pierpont.

ACTIVITY.

NAPOLEON, in exile, said, "Let us live upon the past," but he found this impossible; his predominant desires originated in love of approbation and self-esteem, and the past did not stimulate them, or maintain them in constant activity. In like manner, no musician, artist, poet, or philosopher would reckon himself happy, however extensive his attainments, if informed, "Now you must stop and live upon the past;" and the reason is still the same; the pursuit of new acquirements, and the discovery of new fields of investigation, excite and maintain the faculties in activity; and activity is enjoyment.

G. Combe.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

O LOVE ! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring fantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—
 wrung,—and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation :—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?

Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?
Byron.

PRAISE.

PRAISE, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is here not only necessary, that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree ; and that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only petty services and easy virtues. * * * The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by showing us that we have not endeavoured to deserve well in vain. Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach. *Johnson.*

A BRIGHT EYE.

BACK she flung
 The locks that round her forehead hung,
 And turned her eye, a glorious one,
 Bright as a diamond in the sun,
 On me, until beneath its rays
 I felt as if my hair would blaze !

O. W. Holmes.

DRESS OF PORTRAITS.

I HAVE heard it disputed, whether a portrait ought to be habited according to the fashion of the times, or in one of those dresses which, on account of their elegance, or having been long in use, are affected by great painters, and therefore called picturesque. The question may be determined upon the principles here laid down. If you wish to have a portrait of your friend that shall always be elegant, and never awkward, choose a picturesque dress. But if you mean to preserve the remembrance of a particular suit of clothes, without minding the ridiculous figure which your friend will probably cut in it a hundred years hence, you may array his picture according to the fashion. The history of dresses may be worth preserving: but who would have his image set up, for the purpose of hanging a coat or periwig upon it, to gratify the curiosities of antiquarian tailors or wig-makers?

J. Beattie.

SUNSET.

THE sun went down—and, broad and red,
 One moment, on the burning wave,
 Rested his front of fire, to shed
 A glory round his ocean-grave :
 And sunset—far and gorgeous hung
 A banner from the wall of heaven—
 A wave of living glory flung
 Along the shadowy verge of even.

UTILITY OF THE ARTS.

THE ancients were fully convinced of the salutary influence of those works which, to the ignorant and superficial observer, appear to be useless and expensive ornaments. They knew that grandeur and magnificence, displayed in national objects, produced many of the advantages with few of the evils of luxury; and not only called forth the powers, but excited the patriotism of a people. * * * While plainness and simplicity characterized the manners and habitations of individuals, their public edifices were gorgeous and magnificent: their memorials of public virtue were splendid and inspiring; calculated to kindle the enthusiasm of the citizen, and suitable to the dignified gratitude of a great nation. * * * The productions of taste and genius were found to be not only powerful incentives to great actions, but prime agents of social and scientific improvement. Philosophy and feeling were alike interested to favour their advancement. * * * What a contrast to this picture do we find in the apathy and avarice of modern times! * * * As a nation, we are as ignorant of the utility as we are insensible to the beauty of the Arts, and have neither the policy that promotes, nor the refinement that respects them. Unexcited, unprotected, and unpraised; without honour for dignity, or emolument for ease, they are left to struggle amid the contentions of common life; and obliged to practise the mercenary maxims of a trade, without the security of its comforts or the consolation of its independence. * * * The pursuits of politics and commerce, though highly important to our freedom and our wealth,

are but little favourable to that refinement which results from great sensibility of feeling and high intellectual cultivation.

M. A. Shee.

VISION OF LIBERTY.

BRIGHT with more than human grace,
 Robed in more than mortal seeming,
 Radiant glory in her face,
 And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming ;
 Rose a fair majestic form,
 As the mild rainbow from the storm.
 I marked her smile, I knew her eye
 And when, with gesture of command,
 She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,
 My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of LIBERTY.

Henry Ware, Jr.

UNFINISHED WORKS.

It is very remarkable, that the last works of celebrated artists, which they left imperfect, are always the most prized, such as the *Iris* of Aristides, the *Tyndarides* of Nicomachus, the *Medea* of Timomachus, and the *Venus* of Apelles. These are valued even above their finished productions. The broken lineaments of the piece, and the half-formed idea of the painter, are carefully studied ; and our very grief for that curious hand, which had been stopped by death, is an additional increase to our pleasure.

Pliny.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

INDULGENT MEMORY wakes, and, lo ! they live !
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
 'Thou last, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
 Thee would the muse invoke !—to thee belong
 The sages' precept, and the poet's song.
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals !
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

Rogers.

AGES OF MAN.

IT is a great folly to sadden the present, in looking back upon the past, as though it had been darkened by no shadow of a cloud. The sorrows which nature sends us in infancy resemble spring showers, the traces of which are effaced by a passing breeze. The pains and alarms of each age have been chiefly the work of man.
 * * * The beautiful age, for a frivolous being, is youth ; for the ambitious, maturity ; for the recluse, old age ; for a reasonable man, every age :—Heaven has reserved peculiar pleasures for each.

Droz.

CANOVA'S HELEN.

IN this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What nature could, but would not, do,
 And beauty and Canova can !
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the bard's defeated art,
 With immortality her dower,
 Behold the Helen of the heart !

Byron.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

As the eye is gratified with the blending of different colours, so is the ear regaled with the harmony of different sounds. The general aspect of the external world, and the wonderful construction of the organ of sight, show how admirably they are adapted to each other; yet much is left to the ingenuity of man, that he may exercise his faculties in carrying on the same principle of intellectual enjoyment derived from nature, and diffusing it through the region of art. As relates to the eye, this is most effectually accomplished by painting; as relates to the ear, by music. * * * Painting is generally considered more intellectual than music, because it remains extant and tangible to criticism; while music is more instantaneous, and more evanescent in its effect upon the feelings; but they have both worked their way as an accompaniment in the progress of civilization and general refinement; they have both occupied the lives of many

able men, requiring the exercise of much patience, and much intellect, to bring them to their present state of perfection ; and they both afford pleasure upon principles which form an important part of our nature, and are inseparable from it.

S. Stickney.

MUSIC.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?

Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn ;

Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt

Of solitude and melancholy born ?

He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.

The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;

Muse o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,

And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;

Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

Dr. Beattie.

ASSOCIATION.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still the more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object, so it is capable of receiving new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus, any continual sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of waters, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus, if there arises a fragranciness of smells, or perfumes, they heighten the pleasure of the imagination, and make

even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable ; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than where they enter the mind separately : as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of the situation.

Addison.

TRUE PIETY.

ARTIST, attend—your brushes and your paint—
Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
O sorrowful and sad ! the streaming tears
Channel her cheeks—A Niobe appears !
Is this a saint ? 'Throw tints and all away—
True piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

Cowper.

SIR T. LAWRENCE.

Who, ever on the brink
Of beauty, watched its many-changing hue,
And caught the best expression as it flew :
Who wreathed the richest form with richer grace ;
Still lavishing, where nature had done much,
The needless charm, the o'er-exalting touch,
Of his own genius. It was his to trace
The proudest and the loveliest of a land
Most blest in beauty, with a liberal hand ;

Crowning the brow, that seemed already bright,
 With flowers unfading and with golden light,—
 Yet loving, too, * * * * *
 The silent spell wrought in the heart by thee,
 O ! bright, but vanished nymph, SIMPLICITY !

The Amulet.

OBSCURITY.

PAINTING, when we have allowed for the pleasure of imitation, can only affect simply by the images it presents ; and even in painting, a judicious obscurity in some things contributes to the effect of the picture ; because the images in painting are exactly similar to those in nature : and in nature, dark, confused, uncertain images have a greater power on the fancy to form the grander passions, than those have which are more clear and determinate.

Locke.

EVENING.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word ;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,

And in the heavens that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Byron.

IDEALITY.

IDEALITY delights in perfection from the pure pleasure of contemplating it. So far as it is concerned, the picture, the statue, the landscape, or the mansion on which it abides with the intensest rapture, is as pleasing, although the property of another, as if all its own. It is a spring that is touched by the beautiful wherever it exists; and hence its means of enjoyment are as unbounded as the universe. * * *

Not only is external nature invested with the most exquisite loveliness, but a capacity for moral and intellectual refinement is given to us, by which we may rise in the scale of excellence, and at every step of our progress, reap direct enjoyment from this sentiment. Its constant desire is for "something more exquisite still." In its own immediate impulses it is delightful, and external nature and our own faculties respond to its call.

G. Combe.

MEMORY OF SUFFERING.

TIME's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
 Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease;
 A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
 And breathes a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Rogers.

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

O ! THAT our gouty aristocrats and punchy aldermen would just travel from Naples to London in twenty-six days, as I did, in the open air, including seven days of *laborious rest* at Rome, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa ! Their fat would turn into muscle—their muscle into sinews—their sinews into bones—and their bones into iron ! They would hardly know themselves at the end of such a journey, if they looked at their portraits on the walls of their chambers—and their friends would be startled at the metamorphosis.

Dr. J. Armstrong.

ITALY.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art !
 Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
 Low in the dust ; and we admire thee now
 As we admire the beautiful in death.

Rogers.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

THE great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate ; those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. *To be happy*

at home is the ultimate result of all ambition ; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity ; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Johnson.

RELIGION.

RELIGION does not censure or exclude
 Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued ;
 To study culture, and with artful toil
 To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
 To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
 The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands ;
 To cherish virtue in an humble state,
 And share the joys your bounty may create ;
 To mark the matchless workings of the power
 That shuts within its seed the future flower ;
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and those delight the smell ;
 Send nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes ;
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
 These, these are arts pursued without a crime ;
 That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

Cowper.

REFINEMENT.

IN following the history of mankind, we observe, that, in proportion as nations cultivate their moral and intellectual powers, atrocious actions diminish in number; the manners and pleasures become more refined, the legislation milder, the religion purified from superstition, and the arts address themselves to the finer emotions of the mind.

Spurzheim.

VENUS DE MEDICIS.

THERE, too, the goddess lives in stone, and fills
 'The air around with beauty ; we inhale
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
 Part of its immortality ; the veil
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
 We stand, and in that form and face behold
 What mind can make, when Nature's self would
 fail ;
 And to the fond idolaters of old
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chained to the chariot of triumphant Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.

Byron.

POET AND ARTIST.

THEY stood together—one a Poet, full
 Of noble fancy, and of glowing thought ;
 Whose soul responded to the beautiful,
 Whose heart with love and tenderness was fraught ;
 Imagination's child ! upon whose head
 The wreath of mighty minstrelsy was shed.

They stood together—he, the son of song,
 Beside another proudly gifted one,
 Whose mighty art could skilfully prolong
 The dreams of grace and beauty—who had known
 Nature in her most glorious works ; and wrought
 Bright shapes engendered by his lofty thought.

Miss Pardoe.

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

THERE appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of disease. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair of the colour of a chestnut full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites ; his forehead plain and very delicate ; his face

without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended—his beard thickish, in colour like his hair, not very long but pointed—his look innocent and mature; his eyes gray, clear, and quick. In reproving, he is terrible—in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him smile—but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent. His hands and arms most delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.

*Publius Lentulus.**

THE PAINTER'S LIGHT.†

POETS, too often flatterers of the fair,
 Their sparkling eyes with glittering stars compare,
 Without reflecting, that the stars are bright
 Only in contrast with the shades of night:
 But, 'tis not flattery, if the Painter view
 In thy fair face two orbs of softened blue;
 And only in each orb, gleaming afar
 Beneath its shadowy fringe, a brilliant star!
 It is in truth, for truth alone I prize,
 The painter's *light* reflected from thine eyes.

R. P.

* In a letter to the Senate of Rome.—*Josephus*.

† Addressed to a lady sitting for her portrait. The *white speck* on the eye by which painters express its brilliance, if minutely examined on the real eye, is found to resemble the window which is reflected from its glossy convex surface.

VIVACITY.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without a portion of wit and vivacity : but that perspicacity which is employed in discovering and exposing the foibles of others, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature ; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring. We turn away from it in disgust, when our eyes are attracted by the labours of another artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in portraying Poverty at the door of Contentment, or Innocence reposing on a bank.

J. E. H.

COLOURS THAT FADE.

So when the faithful pencil has designed
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live ;
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

Pope.

BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

AFTER all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face ; and true proportions the beauty of architecture ; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

Shaftesbury.

THE ORPHAN.

AN orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were load-stars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander forth ; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath heaven's mighty dome
Beyond this child. * * * *

* * A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine.

* * * * * *

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
'To nourish some far desert ; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's
dark stream.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer and more fair.

* * * She was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old—so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wandered with mine where earth and ocean meet,
Beyond the ærial mountains whose vast cells
The unreposing billows ever beat,
Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells—

* * * * * *
And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
When twined in mine : she followed where I went,
Through the lone paths of our immortal land.

* * * * * *
And when the pauses of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea had made a lair
For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While, as the shifting visions o'er her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and wept.

* * * * * *
* * * * * Suddenly
She would arise, and like the secret bird
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
With her sweet accents—a wild melody !

* * * * * *
Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's tongue,
To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung,
Her white arms lifted through the shadowy stream
Of her loose hair.

Shelley.

PERSON AND CHARACTER.

O, IF the money and the pains that we bestow upon perfumes and adornments of the body, were applied to the purification of the mind ! O, if we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth ; to make our temper as sweet as our breath ; to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails ; to be as upright in character as in person ; to save our souls as to shave our chins,—what an immaculate race we should become !

Dr. Chatfield.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of Beauty, that dost consecrate

With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon

Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?

Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,

This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever

Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;

Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;

Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth

Such gloom ; why man has such a scope

For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

* * * * *

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart

And come, for some uncertain moments lent.

Man were immortal, and omnipotent,

Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies

That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;

Thou, that to human thought art nourishment

Like darkness to a dying flame !

Depart not as thy shadow came :

Depart not, lest the grave should be,

Like life and fear, a dark reality.

Shelley.

W O M A N.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs ; so is it beautifully ordained by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity ; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

W. Irving.

O R N A M E N T S.

SOME to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 'That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

Pope.

SIMPLICITY.

IT is with books as with women; where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging, than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.

Hume.

GRAVE OF AMBITION.

HERE the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood:
 The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power,
 Thinned states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hushed, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.

Blair.

R O M E.

O ROME ! my country ! city of the soul !

The orphan of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control

In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance ? come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !

Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands

Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo—

* * * * *

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;

She saw her glories star by star expire,

And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,

Where the car climbed the capitol ; far and wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—

Chaos of ruins ! * * * *

* * * * *

She who was named Eternal, and arrayed

Her warriors but to conquer—she who veiled

Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,

Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,

Her rushing wings—O ! she who was Almighty hailed !

Byron.

EMILIA.

THERE is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty : the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair : but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person is a character too celestial to be often met with. Beauty is an overweening, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments ; nay, so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. * * * Who ever beheld the charming Emilia without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love, and the tenderness of virtuous friendship ? * * * That sweetness and good-humour, which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action : a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himself. Her person as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely : there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and cheerful resignation.

* * * * *

Ye guardian angels, to whose care Heaven has intrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue ; defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world : at length, when we must no

more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreprouable, to a better place, where, by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light.

Dr. Brome.

JOHN P. KEMBLE.

His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only acting lends—
 The youngest of the sister Arts,
 Where all their beauty blends:
 For ill can poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime;
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance of time:
 But, by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.

T. Campbell.

SCULPTURE—EDUCATION.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and

perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble ; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. 'The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. 'The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have brought to light.

Addison.

WILLIAM PENN.

THE Quaker stood under his smooth broad brim,
In the plain drab suit that, simple and trim,
Was better than royal robe to him

Who looked to the inward part ;
Foregoing the wealth and honours of earth,
And emptied his breast of the praise of birth,
'To seek the treasures of matchless worth,
Reserved for the pure of heart.

* * * * *

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came,
To leave it his hat, his drab, and his name,
'That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
'Till its final blast will die.

The city he reared from the sylvan shade,*
 His beautiful monument now is made ;
 And long have the rivers their pride displayed
 In the scenes they are rolling by.

Miss Gould.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE PENCIL.

To preserve to future times the image of him who has been the guardian, or the benefactor of his country ; to re-act, as it were, for the delight and instruction of posterity, those heroic deeds by which valour and virtue have established her felicity and brightened her renown ; to impress upon the rising generation, those examples of magnanimity, which may kindle the fire of enthusiasm, and make them

“ Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold ;”

those are the only occupations of the painter, by which he can hope to rise to the exalted level of his subject, and take his place in the temple of immortality, amongst those great characters which he has celebrated.

M. A. Shee.

MAN.

His entrance on life is naked and bare ;
 His progress throughout is labour and care ;
 His exit therefrom is—the Lord knows where ;
 But still, to save us from gloomy despair,
 If we do well here, we shall do well there—
 I could tell you no more if I preach a whole year.

Dr. Franklin.

* Philadelphia.

THE PORTRAIT.

AH! let me look upon thy face,
 Fling back thy clustering hair;
 It is a happiness to gaze
 On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness,
 The blushing and the bright,
 Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
 The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson, flushing up the rose,
 When some fresh wind has past,
 Parting the boughs—just such a hue
 Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
 As in a summer home;
 The brow, whose snow is pure and white
 As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
 And worldliness no stain;
 It is as only flowers could grow
 In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands;
 I'd bid it but allow
 Thy future to be like thy past,
 And keep thee just as now.

L. E. Landon.

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

BEHOLD, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language. * * * It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Steele.

OLD AGE.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,—

His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—

Cares, that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

* * * * *

His youth was innocent; his riper age,

Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.

Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
 'To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

* * * * *

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
 And glad that he has gone to his reward ;
 Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.
 When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

Bryant.

SUN OF ART.

O PRIDE of culture, rare achieved, and late,
 High finished grace of an accomplished state !
 Ye nobler arts ! as life's last lustre given,
 Gilding earth's grossness with the gloss of heaven !
 'Tis yours to crown complete the social plan,
 And harmonize the elements of man ;
 To raise in generous breasts a glow divine,
 And polish every gem of virtue's mine.
 As when, long shut in shades, the eye of day
 Shoots from his lids of cloud a sudden ray,
 Swift o'er the sombre scene effulgent flies
 The golden gleam, and skims across the skies,
 Flames up the mountain, flashes on the main,
 'Till one broad glory bursts upon the plain ;
 Thus, lowering life the liberal arts illumine,
 Adorn its prospects, and dispel its gloom ;
 Chase passion's scowling tempests from the scene,
 And o'er the mind's horizon shine serene.

M. A. Shee.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

THE fine arts are to be regarded not so much with reference to the artist or the amateur, but as they deservedly recommend themselves to the notice of the patriot and the philanthropist; as they are fitted to add to the comforts and multiply the innocent enjoyments of life; to adorn and dignify the aspect of society; to give impulse and exercise to the latent talent, and fresh lustre to the glories of our nation; and, by their moral influence upon all classes, to animate patriotism, to refine the manners, and elevate the character.

Verplanck.

REMINISCENCE.

THE starlight smile of children; the sweet looks
Of women; the fair breast from which I fed;
The murmur of the unreposing brooks;
And the green light which, shifting overhead,
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed;
The shells on the sea-sand; and the wild flowers;
The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours:
'These sights and sounds did muse my spirit's folded
powers.

* * * * *

Such impulses within my mortal frame
Arose, and they were dear to memory,
Like tokens of the dead.

Shelley.

INFLUENCE OF THE ARTS.

WHATEVER may be the power or prosperity of a state, whatever the accumulations of her wealth, or the splendour of her triumphs, to her intellectual attainments must she look for rational estimation; on her arts must she depend

“For living dignity, and deathless fame.”

* * * * *

Their influence has been acknowledged in all ages; and their interests have been protected in all countries, in proportion as man became more enlightened, and the principles of society have been better understood. * * * The present and the future are alike within the grasp of their power: they humanize the tempers of the living, and they perpetuate the memory of the dead. They are the crystals of immortality, in which all the forms of greatness are imperishably fixed to gratify the wondering eye of Time.

M. A. Shee.

CLIMATE OF GENIUS.

ON wings of fire sustained, the immortal mind,
Nor clime controls, nor fog nor frost can bind.
Where freedom, man's most cheering sunshine, glows,
Whether on Libyan sands, or Zemblan snows;
Where life exults with each bold feeling fraught,
And Fancy, fearless, springs the mine of Thought:
There blooms the soul, there every muse delights,
Swells her full strain, and soars her highest flights.

M. A. Shee.

PUBLIC TASTE.

IN literature, the public taste is commonly directed by persons who have some pretensions to be heard upon the subject: they are almost always professors or proficient in the art of which they speak; and often, in their powers of performance, vindicate their right to judge. The poet, the historian, and the philosopher are generally tried by their peers; who, although they may be sometimes tainted with the jealousy of competition, must, at least, be acknowledged to understand the case, and to have a common interest in the establishment of sound principles and pure taste. But in the Arts, every man is a critic except the Artist, and any man may come forward to direct the public judgment, except him who is the best qualified for that office. The poet may scrutinize and contest the claims of his contemporaries: * * * but the painter is expected to be all meekness and submission; to preserve his character for candour, he must cry bravo! to every blockhead in his profession, and behold the quack and the coxcomb puffed into pre-eminence, without a murmur of disapprobation or discontent. * * * *

In matters of taste, the public is a child that must be instructed by precept as well as example. Taste is something like chess; we cannot become proficient by looking on: the principles of the game must be explained, or the best play is lost upon the spectator. * * * If the public taste is more enlightened in poetry than in painting, it is because in the one poets have performed the duty of critics, and in the other critics have performed the

duty of painters. * * * Every scribbler who can get possession of the critical corner in a newspaper, or a magazine, draws his redoubtable pen upon the painters ; lays down the law with ludicrous absurdity, and delivers his decisions with ridiculous arrogance. * * * The public read their effusions without respect, but also without knowledge : they are therefore impressed by their confidence, because they do not perceive their presumption. * * * Thus are the best interests of the Artist and the Art sacrificed to the capricious or corrupt motives of those who neither study nor understand them.

M. A. Shee.

OBSCURITY.

'Tis wisely done :
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shade.

Blair.

THE HEAD.

THE head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face ; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have

designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works ; and when we load it with a pile of super-numerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.

Addison.

MOMENTS OF BLISS.

'Tis not the contour of her form, or face ;
 The hue, the soft cerulean of her eyes ;
 Nor yet the youthful grace of her light step,
 Free as the fawn's upon the hill at morn :
 There are, whose more surpassing loveliness
 Might win from her the worship of the world.
 But, when I look upon her innocent features,
 And trace the currents of the eloquent blood,
 Speaking the thoughts that crowd her artless mind—
 I do forget myself in the sweet theme ;
 And wayward fancy fashions her as one
 Lovely as angel-forms that poets dream of,
 Feigning their Eden-songs.

* * * * *

There is a kind and placid temper writ
 Upon her brow, type of the soul within.
 How dotingly I dwell upon those looks,
 That brighten on my heart, amid life's cares,
 Like sunbeams to the wave-tossed mariner
 Desolate, on a sea of storms ! And then
 The bird-like melody of her low voice,
 Breathing the accents of a love untaught,

Or blending in harmonious cadences !
 Blest sounds, that may be in an after year
 An unforgotten music to the heart !

* * * * *

But when at eve my laden brow she presses
 To her pure lip, and with endearment sweet
 Twining her slight and delicate arms around me,
 Seeks to beguile my very weariness,
 And cheat me of a smile—I lose all sense
 Of sorrow, and my eyes are filled for joy ;
 It is an ecstasy that hath no words.

* * * *

My heart is full,
 To overflowing, of delicious dreamings—
 She is my daughter !

P. M. Wetmore.

VARIETY.

THE intellectual as well as the physical appetite requires variety, and however refined by delicacies, will sometimes have a relish for homely fare. The mind cannot always feed upon the epics of poetry and art. He that has followed with rapture the flight of the eagle, will at length turn his eye to the ground, and be pleased with the flutterers of the hedge. From the sublilities of Homer and Michael Angelo, it may not be unpleasant to unbend a little with the humour of Horace and Hogarth; and the seriousness of history, and the severities of science, will often be agreeably relieved in the ridicule of comedy and the delusions of romance.

M. A. Shee.

RAPHAËL.

'Twas his, to choose the nobler end of art,
 And charm the eye, subservient to the heart ;
 To strike the chords of sentiment—to trace
 The form of dignity—the flow of grace ;
 The passions' protean empire to control,
 And wield expression's sceptre o'er the soul.
 Whate'er of life he touched, of youth or age,
 The pious saint, or philosophic sage ;
 Whether, impressive in the bold design,
 The rapt apostle pour the word divine ;
 Or bright, on Tabor's summit, to the skies,
 The God, in full transfigured glory, rise ;
 Whate'er the cast of character, his hand
 Had all the moulds of genius at command,
 To nature true, could each strong trait impart,
 And stamp with taste the sterling ore of Art.

M. A. Shee.

TASTE—GENIUS.

TASTE and genius cannot but be favourable to virtue. They cannot exist conjointly without sensibility. * * * The lovely, the graceful, the elegant, the novel, the wonderful, the sublime—these are the food on which they banquet ; the grandeur and magnificence of the heavens—the terrible majesty of the tempestuous ocean—the romantic wildness of forests, and precipices, and mountains that lose themselves in the clouds—the sweet tranquillity of a summer evening—the rural gayety of

vineyards, hop-grounds, and corn-fields—the cheerful hum of busy cities—the stillness of village solitude—the magic face of human beauty—the tear of distressed innocence—the noble struggle of worth with poverty, of patriotism with usurpation, of piety with persecution;—these, and innumerable images like these—tender, touching, dignified—are the subjects for which they fondly hunt, the themes on which they daily expatiate. To say nothing of the higher banqueting, “the food of angels,” that religion sets before them.

J. M. Good.

EXHIBITION-CRITICS.

WITH a connoisseur look, and a connoisseur glass,
From picture to picture in censure they pass;—
That curtain’s too red, or, that sky is too blue;
Or, the distance or keeping is wrong in that view.

* * * * *

For all think the pleasure in seeing the sight,
Is to find it all wrong, and to set it all right.

Anon.

MUSIC—PAINTING—SCULPTURE.

THE pleasure, the illusions produced by Music, when it is the *voice* of poetry, is, for the moment, by far the most complete and intoxicating, but also the most transient. Painting, with its lovely colours blending into life, and all its “silent poesy of form,” is a source of pleasure more lasting, more intellectual. Beyond both is Sculpture, the noblest, the least illusive, the most en-

during of the imitative arts, because it charms us, not by what it seems to be, but by what it is ; because if the pleasure it imparts be less exciting, the impression it leaves is more profound and permanent ; because it is, or ought to be the abstract idea of power, beauty, sentiment, made visible in the cold, pure, impressive, and almost eternal marble.

Mrs. Jameson.

PICTURE OF LIFE.

STILL where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue :
 Behind the steps which misery treads,
 Approaching comfort view.
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastised by sabler tints of wo ;
 And, blended, forms with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.

Gray.

SCENERY.

THE pine, the oak, and the elm, may be magnificent in themselves—the willow, the heath, and the ivy may each present a picture to the imagination ; but what are these, considered separately, compared with the ever-varying combinations of form and colour, majesty and grace, presented by the forest, or the woodland, the sloping banks of the river, or the leafy dell, where the round and the massive figures are broken by the spiral stem, or the feathery foliage that trembles in the passing

gale—where the hues that are most vivid, or most delicate, stand forth in clear contrast from the depths of sombre shade—where every projecting rock and rugged cleft is fringed with a curtain of green tracery, and every glassy stream reflects again, in its stainless mirror, the variety and the magnificence of the surrounding groves.

S. Stickney.

THE CREATION.

HE spake, and it was done ; eternal night,
 At God's command, awakened into light ;
 He called the elements, earth, ocean, air ;
 He called them when they were not, and they were :
 He looked through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars, came forth to meet his eye :
 His Spirit moved upon the desert earth,
 And sudden life through all things swarmed to birth ;
 Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole ;
 He breathed, and man became a living soul :
 Through Eden's groves the lord of nature trod,
 Upright and pure, the image of his God.
 Thus were the heavens and all their host displayed,
 In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid ;
 The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed,
 Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed :
 And while he viewed, and blest them from his seat,
 All worlds, all beings worshipped at his feet :
 The morning stars in choral concert sang,
 The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
 Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice ;
 The voice of music was creation's voice

Montgomery.

CONVERSATION.

THOU bliss of life, and balm of care !

* * * * *

Soft polisher of rugged man !

Refiner of the social plan !

For thee, best solace of his toil,

The sage consumes his midnight oil !

And keeps late vigils, to produce

Materials for thy future use :

Calls forth the else neglected knowledge

Of school, of travel, and of college.

If none behold, ah ! wherefore fair ?

Ah ! wherefore wise, if none must hear ?

Our intellectual ore must shine,

Not slumber, idly, in the mine.

Let education's moral mint

The noblest images imprint ;

Let taste her curious touchstone hold,

To try if standard be the gold ;

But 'tis thy commerce, Conversation,

Must give it use by circulation :

That noblest commerce of mankind,

Whose precious merchandise is MIND !

H. More.

PAINTERS.

THEIR works are at once their actions and their history, and a record of the taste and feelings of the times in which they flourished.

A. Cunningham.

IMPRESSIONS.

To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood ; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps forty years, had rendered familiar ;

“ With sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
And man, and woman ;—”

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent.

S. T. Coleridge.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
These, mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pope.

BLENDING.

EXTREMES in nature equal ends produce ;
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Pope.

CHARACTER OF TRUTH.

THE soul alone can imprint upon the body the character and expression of truth ; an attitude that is not formed by feeling is a falsehood, it is a counterfeit. A painter who is desirous of expressing in his designs this character of truth, can never succeed, if he has not before his eyes attitudes animated by sentiment, or does not supply this by the powers of a lively and well-directed imagination.

Winkelman.

A TRANSIENT FLOWER.

I saw her in her beauty's spring,
 When, like a half-blown rose
 That promise gives of blossoming,
 And ever fairer grows,
 Fairer and brighter every hour
 She grew before our sight—
 Then bloomed like that same regal flower
 In loveliness and light !

I saw her in her summer's prime ;
 O ! who could see and not confess,
 In gazing on those matchless charms,
 The power of woman's loveliness !

* * * * *

She had no autumn—not a storm
 Darkened her youthful happiness ;
 No winter came to bend that form,
 Or silver o'er a single tress,

Or pale that cheek, or dim that eye,
 Or bid the smile of beauty fly.
 She did not fade—no, not for her
 To waste and pine in slow decay ;
 But fair and good she bloomed a while,
 Then sunk to rest—and passed away.

Anon.

TASTE AND AVARICE.

TASTE is, perhaps, the best corrective of avarice ; and that probably is one reason why, in commercial states, it is so little esteemed. The Muse and Mammon cannot be worshipped at the same altar. A love for the Arts excludes all grosser passions from the soul. Taste is the angel that drives the money-changers out of the temple of Mind, and leaves it to the possession of every human virtue.

M. A. Shee.

GREECE.

LAND of the pencil and the lyre,
 The marble and the dome !
 Whose name is to the muse a fire,
 Whose temples are a home :
 Clime of a wealth unbought !
 Where genius long enshrined
 His treasury of thought,
 The Peru of the mind !

P. M. Wetmore.

MONUMENTS.

WHEN the veil of mortality descends upon splendid genius, that has long been devoted to the instruction and best interests of mankind, the noblest monument that can be erected to commemorate its worth and perpetuate its usefulness, is the collection of those productions which delighted and edified the world.

Anon.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

R. Southey.

DREAMS OF WISDOM.

THERE are some subjects on which the philosopher is obliged to exercise nearly as much imagination as the poet ; for it is the only faculty by which he can expatiate upon them. * * * Space, immensity, infinity, pure, incorporeal intelligence, matter created out of nothing,

innumerable systems of worlds, and innumerable orders of beings ;—where is the mind strong enough to grapple with such ideas as these? They at once entice and overwhelm us. Reason copes with them till she is exhausted, and then gives us over to conjecture. Hence, invention at times takes the place of induction, and the man of wisdom has his dreams as well as the man of fancy.

J. M. Good.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

O ! THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 “ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time’s tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd’st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?

* * * * *

Perhaps thou gavest me, unseen, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah ! that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

* * * * *

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to live my childhood o'er again ;
'To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the aid of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
'Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
'Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper

THE UNIVERSE.

WE call ourselves lords of the creation ; nor ought we at any time, with affected abjection, to degrade or despise the high gift of a rational and immortal existence. Yet, what is the visible creation ? by whom peopled ? and where are its entrances, and outgoings ? Turn wherever we will, we are equally confounded and overpowered : the little and the great are alike beyond our comprehension. If we take the microscope, it unfolds to us living beings, probably endowed with as complex and perfect a structure as the whale or elephant, so minute that a million of millions of them do not occupy a bulk larger than a common grain of sand. If we exchange the microscope for the telescope, we behold man

himself reduced to a comparative scale of almost infinitely smaller dimensions, fixed to a minute planet that is scarcely perceptible throughout the vast extent of the solar system ; while this system itself forms but an insensible point in the multitudinous marshallings of groups of worlds upon groups of worlds, above, below, and on every side of us, that spread through all the immensity of space, and in sublime, though silent harmony declare the glory of God.

J. M. Good.

VARIETY.

THE earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.

Cowper.

CHARM OF POETRY.

VIRTUE sinks deepest into the heart of man when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination ; to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next ; and our reason surrenders itself, with pleasure, in the end. Thus, the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy

with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere.

* * * The poets strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them ; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.

Steele.

INDIAN WARRIOR.

HE stood upon that soil—
His birth-place and his home of many years ;
His look was calm—his eyes, unwet by tears,
Were dimmed by time and toil.

* * * * *

A stranger race had sprung
Like phantoms on his sight—the white men came,
His lands were gone—he quaffed the liquid flame,
Till madness round him clung.

* * * * *

The twilight found him there,
The moon went down upon the desolate one,
And morning came—the wandering chief was gone
To die in his despair !

P. M. Wetmore.

BEAUTY.

THE bloom and softness of the female sex are not to be expected among the lower classes of life, whose faces are exposed to the rudeness of the climate, and whose

features are sometimes contracted by want, and sometimes hardened by blasts. Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages, or workshops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content, or consciousness of superiority.

Johnson.

RIVAL SISTERS.

TRUE poetry the painter's power displays;
 True painting emulates the poet's lays;
 The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
 Alternate change their office and their name;
 Bid silent poetry the canvass warm,
 The tuneful page with speaking picture charm.

* * * * *

Such powers, such praises, heaven-born pair! belong
 To magic colour and creative song.

Mason's Dufresnoy.

THE advantage which poetry possesses over painting, in continued narration and successive impression, cannot be advanced as a peculiar merit of the poet, since it results from the nature of language, and is common to both. The eye of the painter is required to be as much more sensible and acute than the eye of the poet, as the accuracy of him who imitates should exceed that of him who only describes. What is the verbal expression of a passion, compared to its visible presence; the narration of an action, to the action itself brought before your view? What are the “*verba ardentiae*” of the poet, to the breath-

ing beauties, the living lustre of the pencil, rivalling the noblest productions of nature, expressing the characteristics of matter and mind, the powers of soul, the perfection of form, the brightest bloom of colour, the golden glow of light? Can the airy shadows of poetical imagery be compared with the embodied realities of art?

Where the poet cursorily observes, the painter studies intensely; what the one carries loosely in his memory, the other stamps upon his soul. The forms and combinations of things, the accidents of light and colour, the relations of distance and degree, the passions, proportions, and properties of men and animals; all the phenomena of "the visible diurnal sphere," the painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and with the powers of a magician, call them up at a moment's warning, like "spirits from the vasty deep" of his imagination,

"To do his bidding, and abide his will."

* * * * *

If to become familiar with the writings of the ancients, to comprehend their beauties, and compose in their language, be the proudest attainments of the scholar and the poet, how much more worthy of admiration is the skill of him who pours forth his ideas in the language of nature! * * * Poetry appears to be the first powerful product of human genius: painting, the last and most delicate of its offspring. * * * Great poets, like the stars of the morning, are often seen to shine in the early dawn of cultivation; great painters gild the horizon of society only in its meridian blaze.

M. A. Shee.

INFLUENCE OF TASTE.

THOUGH men of delicate taste be rare, they are easily to be distinguished in society by the soundness of their understanding, and the superiority of their faculties above the rest of mankind. The ascendant which they acquire gives a prevalence to that lively approbation, with which they receive any production of genius, and renders it generally predominant. Many men, when left to themselves, have but a faint and dubious perception of beauty, who yet are capable of relishing any fine stroke which is pointed out to them.

Hume.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?

The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side ;

The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;

The pipe of early shepherd dim descried

In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide

The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;

The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Beattie.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

How sweet the words of truth

Breathed from the lips of love !

Beattie.

WORKS THAT LIVE.

THE great artist moulders in the tomb, but his works live in the self-sustaining freshness of nature. Age after age passes away, and they still beam forth in beauty upon one generation after another. In calm disdain, as it were, of the petty and transitory interests, pursuits, opinions, passions of the day, they continue with undecaying power, as years roll on, to address themselves to the great principles of our common nature, soothing the cares, elevating the thoughts, stirring in the very depth of the heart the thrilling emotions of natural sympathy, or awakening there the sleeping sense of the great, the sublime, or the holy.

Verplanck.

PEALE'S WASHINGTON.

THOUGH many a pencil plied its eager skill,
 To rescue from the oblivious shade of time
 The much-loved form of Washington,—yet still
 They pictured not his countenance sublime ;
 When Heaven removed him from our view, whose
 worth
 Found not a parallel o'er all the earth.

A nation's gratitude embalmed his fame,
 And every line that faintly marked his form,
 And every sound that vibrated his name,
 Was precious, and made patriot bosoms warm ;
 Yet, though his memory lived and wider spread,
 No portrait beamed the glory of his head.

At length an Artist, and the last to whom
 'The hero sat, his cherished task surveyed,
 (For faithful memory triumphed o'er the tomb ;)
 And, happily refining light and shade,
 With full impassioned heart and pencil, one
 Proud effort gave to sight our WASHINGTON !

Anon.

BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

It is superfluous to decorate woman so highly for early youth ; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakenly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period, when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intenseness, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be, to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve, or transfer to the mind, that affection which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please, to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.

H. More.

KEYS.

TRUTH is the key of art, as knowledge is of power.
Sir T. Lawrence.

NATURAL SCENERY.

O ! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which nature to her votary yields ;
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health
 And love, and gentleness, and joy impart ;
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart ;
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve, unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.

Beattie.

FASHIONS.

BESIDES the universal practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular species of fiction. At one time, all truth was conveyed in allegory ; at another, nothing was seen but in a vision ; at one period, all the poets followed sheep, and every event produced a pastoral ; at another, they busied themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

How wonderful is death,
 Death and his brother sleep !
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue ;
 'The other, rosy as the morn
 When, throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world ;
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

Shelley.

SIMPLICITY.

THOSE compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first ; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it.

Hume.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WHOSE genius raised his country's name,
 Refined her taste, and led her arts to fame ;
 Whose powers unrivalled envy's self disarmed.
 Whose pen instructed, and whose pencil charmed ;

* * * * *

Hail, star of art, by whose instinctive ray,
 Our boreal lights were kindled into day ;
 Reynolds ! where'er thy radiant spirit flies,
 By seraphs welcomed midst acclaiming skies ;

* * * * *

Whether on 'Titian's golden pinion borne,
 Bathed in the bloom of heaven's immortal morn,
 Thou sunward take thy sympathetic flight,
 To sport amid the progeny of light ;
 Or rapt to thy loved Buonoroti's car,
 Midst epic glories flaming from afar ;
 With him in awful frenzy fired to rove
 The regions of sublimity above,
 Seize grandeur's form, astride the lightning's blast,
 On death's dark verge, or danger's summit cast—
 Immortal spirit ! * * * *

M. A. Shee.

BENEVOLENCE.

THAT man deserves the thanks of his country who connects with his own the good of others. The philosopher enlightens the world ; the manufacturer employs the needy, and the merchant gratifies the rich, by procuring them the rarities of every clime. But the miser, although he may be no burden on society, yet, thinking only of himself, affords to no one else either profit or pleasure. As it is not the lot of any one in this world to have a very large share of happiness, that man will of course have the largest portion who makes himself a partner in the happiness of others. The benevolent are sharers in every one's joys.

J. Northcote.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light—
 'The darkest wave hath bright foam near it ;
 And twinkles through the darkest night,
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom—
 'The saddest heart is not all sadness ;
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
 'There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair ;
 Nor life nor death the future closes ;
 And round the shadowy brow of care
 Wild Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

Mrs. Hemans.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

A GREAT collection of paintings is like a great library. There is much trash in both, (that of the palace Pitti, however, is, to an extraordinary extent, an exception from this remark ;) many things ordinary, and some things glorious. * * * Some passages of the book, some figure of the painting, or even sometimes only a single hand in a picture—that is finely done. Neither the great painter nor the great author always does things worthy of himself. Both are artists ; and is not the latter an artist with greater advantages ? The painter can do little more than exhibit one thought, in one single light ; and it must be a thought, too, with which the world is already

familiar. But the writer may unfold, explain, modify, enlarge, originate—give to the world new regions of the *beau ideal* and the beautiful; and minister, through every avenue of reason, imagination, passion, to the world's improvement and happiness.

O. Dewey.

HOME.

HOME of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

O. W. Holmes.

THE AMATEUR.

A MAN may be an amateur, without the skill and practice of the painter, or the knowledge of the connoisseur. His love for the art must be founded upon a knowledge of the principles of painting; but he does not, like the connoisseur, profess himself master of the technical discernment which distinguishes, by the handling, or the canvass, the originality of the performance. Neither does he burden his memory with names and dates, but leaves them to the dealer and the collector. His business is with the qualities and the merits of the picture, new or old. He differs from the connoisseur in his critical acumen;

and his admiration of a work is for its beauties rather than its scarcity ; and he has little esteem for dry examples by the old masters, further than belongs to their character as marking the progress of art, or the improvements of his favourite study. * * * The amateur, as well as the connoisseur, can admire the hasty sketches of the master ; but he does not pretend to see miracles as the accidents of his pencil ; it is with a quiet feeling rather than with a rapturous heat that he views the works of art.

Library of the Fine Arts.

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN.

“ She was a phantom of delight.”

IMAGE of one, who lived of yore :
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious ;—now no more
On land or ocean seen !

* * * * *

Thou art no child of fancy :—thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair ;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening’s starry blue ;

* * * * *

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unplucked by time,
In shadowy tints have stood ?

* * * * *

To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her, beautiful and young !

* * * * *

The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart ;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face—
One passion's changing colour mix ;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

* * * * *

The dead are like the stars by day ;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky :
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amid immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

* * * * *

Of her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form ;
Fair as the second rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm ;
Of her, this " shadow of a shade,"
Like its original must fade,
And she, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Montgomery.

MAGNIFICENT OBSCURITY.

No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes, than a public library ; for who can see the wall crowded on every side by mighty volumes, the works of laborious meditation and accurate inquiry, now scarcely known but by the catalogue, and preserved only to increase the pomp of learning, without considering how many hours have been wasted in vain endeavours, how often imagination has anticipated the praises of futurity, how many statues have risen to the eye of vanity, how many ideal converts have elevated zeal, how often wit has exulted in the eternal infamy of his antagonists, and dogmatism has delighted in the gradual advances of his authority, the immutability of his decrees, and the perpetuity of his power ?

Johnson.

THE SEA.

TURN to the watery world ! but who to thee
 (A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint—the sea ?
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
 When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
 Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
 Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
 Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
 In limpid blue, and evanescent green ;
 And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
 Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.

Crabbe.

THE SHIP.

WHAT person, of the least reflecting turn, can look upon that perfect and most beautiful of all artificial objects, the sailing ship, with the quiet and ordinary interest that other works inspire? Who can behold her gliding proudly and gracefully over the bosom of the deep, braving its perils and disregarding the opposition even of the element by which she is propelled, and at length arriving safely, freighted with all her treasures of comforts, luxuries, and intellectual stores,—without pausing to admire and to bless this great link in the chain of our civilized existence?

Lieutenant Slidell.

THE SHIP YARD.

SEE! the long keel, which soon the waves must hide;
 See! the strong ribs which form the roomy side;
 Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
 And planks which curve and crackle in the smoke;
 Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
 Bear the warm pungence of the o'er-boiling tar.

Crabbe.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOSE parallel circumstances and kindred images to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular persons; and therefore no species of writing

seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, since none can be more delightful or more useful; none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition. * * * We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure.

Johnson.

ADAM AWAKENING EVE.

Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked; * * *
 * * * So much the more
 His wonder was to find unwakened Eve,
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning, half-raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus: Awake,
 * * * * * *
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, * * * *
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Milton.

A L O V E R.

I know that thou art beautiful :
 Thine eye a deep blue one,
 And thy voice so melting, as to lull
 The soul with its sweet tone :
 And thy hair, as dark as raven's wing,
 Clusters a noble brow :
 I never saw an earthly thing
 So beautiful as thou !

Anon.

S T A N D A R D O F B E A U T Y.

THOUGH the principles of taste be universal, and nearly, if not entirely, the same in all men; yet few are qualified to give judgment on any work of art, or establish their own sentiment as the standard of beauty. The organs of intellectual sensation are seldom so perfect as to allow the general principles the full play, and produce a feeling correspondent to those principles. They either labour under some defect, or are vitiated by some disorder; and by that means, excite a sentiment which may be pronounced erroneous. When the critic has no delicacy, he judges without any distinction, and is only affected by the grosser and more palpable qualities of the object: the finer touches pass unnoticed, and disregarded. Where he is not aided by practice, his verdict is attended with confusion and hesitation. Where no comparison has been employed, the most frivolous beauties, such as rather merit the name of defects, are

the object of his admiration. Where he lies under the influence of prejudice, all his natural sentiments are perverted. Where good sense is wanting, he is not qualified to discern the beauties of design and reasoning, which are the highest and most excellent. Under some or other of these imperfections, the generality of men labour; and hence a true judge in the finer arts is observed, even during the most polished ages, to be so rare a character: strong sense, united to delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character: and the joint verdict of such, wherever they are to be found, is the true standard of taste and beauty.

Hume.

MEDIUM OF VISION.

THE difference is as great between
 The optics seeing as the objects seen.
 All manners take a tincture from our own,
 Or come discoloured, through our passions shown;
 Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Pope.

SCULPTURE.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE power of genius that workest thy own immortality! that in thy sublime aspirations after perfection, seemest to divest thyself of the trammels of matter, to soar even into the heavens to behold revealed

the blissful creations of fancy, the purer worlds of beauty and truth, and to bring down upon earth the fair forms of light and love that dwell in brightness there. * * * What art thou, and whither dost thou tend? * * * We know thy immortality—we acknowledge thy influence—we feel thy power!

Forsyth.

IMAGE OF HEAVEN.

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blessed,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Pope.

WEALTH OF TASTE.

A MAN of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospects of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most

rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures, so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

Addison.

THE PAINTER-POET.*

WHEN Kneller had portrayed the fair
 With gothic taste yet noble air,
 POPE wove a garland round his head,
 And crowned him with the illustrious dead;
 And he to whom ten monarchs sat,
 Rose less in fame by this than that.
 JERVAS from friendship's partial heart
 Received the meed unwon by art;
 Yet shall his praise remain as long
 As matchless Pope's immortal song.
 More justly valued Reynolds knew
 Mason, a friend and poet too;
 Yet he with polished numbers fraught
 From Fresnoy's close instructive thought,
 Borrowed new glory from his track,
 And every ray came coloured back.

What painters now their poets fire?
 'The colours glow, but wake no lyre;
 Alas! no kindred bards rehearse
 'The pencil's praise in raptured verse—

* On reading, in 1806, the beautiful poem called "Rhymes on Art," by Mr., now Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy.

Dull may the painter plod, nor hear
 Sweet music's soothing cadence near ;
 'Till rapt, inspired, he seize the lyre,
 And painting breathe poetic fire !
 'Then, mounting on congenial wing,
 'Thus taught to feel, may dare to sing :
 Hence Fresnoy gained from willing fame
 A double wreath, another name.

Whence swells that strain sublime on art,
 'That guides the mind and fills the heart ?
 Yon skylight room the echo flings—
 'Tis SHEE so well that paints and sings.
 Ye fond, which shall we most admire,
 His pencil's harmony, or lyre ?
 In which discover more of grace,
 The polished verse, or magic face ;
 'The air of elegance that reigns
 'Mid social hues, or feeling strains ?
 The soul transfused in verse, or, warm
 With mimic life, fair nature's form ?
 The sister arts more fond unite,
 Grow brighter in their mutual light,
 And beauty with new charms invest ;
 So well he sings who paints her best.* *R. P.*

MODESTY.

MODESTY is to merit as shades in a picture ; giving it
 strength and beauty. *Bruyere.*

* At that time Mr. Shee stood unrivalled for the beauty of his
 female portraits.

SHADOWS OF LIFE.

DESCRIPTIONS of life, without its cares and sorrows, would appear to us little less wearisome and unnatural than landscapes without shadow; but those which are varied by the sombre colouring borrowed by experience from the hand of grief, exhibit the principles of harmony and the essential characteristics of truth.

S. Stickney.

KINDRED ARTS.

THE kindred arts to please thee shall conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

Pope.

PAINTING and poetry are near allied;
The kindred arts two sister muses guide;
This charms the eye, that steals upon the ear;
The sounds are tuned, and colours blended here.
This with a silent touch enchants our eyes,
And bids a gayer, brighter world arise:
That, less allied to sense, with deeper art,
Can pierce the close recesses of the heart—

* * * * *

To life adds motion, and to beauty soul,
And breathes a spirit through the finished whole;
Each perfect acts, in friendly union joined;—
This gives Amanda's form, and that her mind.

A. L. Barbould.

GOOD SENSE AND GENIUS.

GENIUS is a rare and precious gem, of which few know the worth ; it is fitter for the cabinet of the connoisseur, than for the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank-bill, convenient for change, negotiable at all times, and current in all places. It knows the value of small things, and considers that an aggregate of them makes up the sum of human affairs. * * * Good sense has not so piercing an eye, but it has as clear a sight : it does not penetrate so deeply, but as far as it *does* see, it discerns distinctly. Good sense is a judicious mechanic, who can produce beauty and convenience out of suitable means ; but genius (I speak with reverence of the immeasurable distance) bears some remote resemblance to the Divine Architect, who produced perfection of beauty without any visible materials ; “who spake, and it was created ;” who said, “ Let it be, and it was.”

H. More.

THE JUST MAN.

PEACE to the just man's memory,—let it grow
 Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages ; let the mimic canvass show
 His calm benevolent features ; let the light
 Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
 Of all but Heaven ; and, in the book of fame,
 The glorious record of his virtues write,
 And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
 A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

W. C. Bryant.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.

To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; * * * and he who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his readers with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

Dr. Johnson.

THE COURT OF DEATH.*

THOUGH the unsparing hand of time
 Flings o'er earth his mantle gray;
 Though towns and towers—though rocks sublime
 Perish beneath his all-consuming sway;
 MAN! glorious in his strength! Man, creature of a day,
 Imparts to perishable things a charm
 That doth the desolating power disarm,
 And snatch from glory's sun a never-dying ray!

See, where those sable folds involve
 Yon awful BEING as he sits enthroned;
 Upon his brow immovable resolve,
 Unyielding sternness—sympathy disowned;

* A large figurative painting, by Rembrandt Peale.

Resistless strength, perennial youth are found.
 Moveth that arm of might ? then nations perish ;
 Then severed are the ties we love to cherish,
 And broken-hearted anguish wails around !

Now view yon form in graceful bending ;

Say, is that young smiler PLEASURE ?

Tells she not of bliss unending

Within that vase's ruby treasure ?

Curls are hers of wavy lightness ;

Eyes whose faintest glance is brightness ;

Cheeks of love's own roseate hues ;

Lips whose parting joys diffuse !

O, when such a form is willing

To press the cup that hand is filling,

How can youth find power to fly,

And not 'mid pleasure's votaries die !

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's voice

Re-echoing through the cave from far,

That bids yon fiend rejoice,

Whose blazing torches light forth WAR !

His haughty soul is chained to passion's car :

O God ! that face, how terrible to see !

There mercy finds no place—there pity cannot be ;

But pride, revenge, ambition, hatred, jar.

With locks of silver, there

AGE gently presses near the throne :

'Tis not for him to feel a fear ;

Nor comes he tremblingly alone :

His foot is in oblivion's water ;
 But see, his loveliest, holiest daughter,
 VIRTUE, aids him ; while upraising
 Eyes oft turned toward heaven in praising,
 Saying, ALMIGHTY ! may thy will be done.

Dr. Godman.

LOVE.

IN the days of chivalry, when men, following the standard of false glory, maintained their possessions by force of arms, sacrificed ease, honesty, or life to the laws of honour, and the adventures of knight-errantry, love was worshipped as a goddess, whose inspiration endowed her votaries with superhuman power, and whose protection was a shield of adamant. * * * There is in its elevated nature, a character of constancy, truth, and dignity, which constitutes the essence of its being, and no pure eye can behold it robbed of these, without sorrow and indignation.

S. Stickney.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the depths of hell.
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Southey.

HOMAGE.

SEEK for a dark and downcast eye,
 A glance 'mongst men the mildest,
 Seek for a bearing haught and high,
 Can daunt and awe the wildest.
 Seek one whose soul in tenderness
 Is steeped—who to the lyre
 Can pour out song as fast and bright
 As heaven can pour its fire—
 Seek him, and when thou find'st him, kneel,
 Though thou hast gold spurs on thy heel.

A. Cunningham.

THE FAIR QUAKER.

SHE was a fair young girl—yet on her brow
 No pale pearl shone—a blemish on the pure
 And snowy lustre of its living light—
 No radiant gem shone beautifully through
 The shadowing of her tresses, as a star
 Through the dark sky of midnight; and no wreath
 Of coral circled on her queenly neck,
 In mockery of the glowing cheek and lip,
 Whose hue the fairy guardian of the flowers
 Might never rival, when her delicate touch
 Tinges the rose of spring-time.

Unadorned

Save by her youthful charms, and with a garb
 Simple as nature's self, why turn to her

The proud and gifted, and the versed in all
The pageantry of fashion ?

She hath not

Moved down the dance to music, when the hall
Is lighted up like sunshine, and the thrill
Of the light viol, and the mellow flute,
And the deep tones of manhood softened down
To very music, melt upon the ear.
She has not mingled with the hollow world,
Nor tampered with its mockeries, until all
The delicate perceptions of the heart—
The innate modesty—the watchful sense
Of maiden dignity, are lost within
The maze of fashion and the din of crowds.

Yet beauty hath its homage. Kings have bowed
From the tall majesty of ancient thrones
With a prostrated knee ; yea, cast aside
The awfulness of time-created power,
For the regardful glances of a child.
Yea—the high ones and powerful of earth—
The helmed sons of victory—the grave
And schooled philosophers—the giant men
Of overmastering intellect, have turned
Each from the separate idol of his high
And vehement ambition, for the low
Idolatry of human loveliness ;
And bartered the sublimity of mind—
The godlike and commanding intellect
Which nation's knelt to—for a woman's tear,
A soft-toned answer, or seductive smile.

And in the chastened beauty of that eye,
 And in the beautiful play of that red lip,
 And in the quiet smile, and in the voice,
 Sweet as the tuneful greeting of a bird
 To the first flowers of spring-time, there is more
 Than the perfection of the painter's skill,
 Or statuary's moulding—*Mind* is there—
 The pure and holy attributes of soul—
 The seal of virtue—the exceeding grace
 Of meekness blended with a maiden pride.
 Nor deem ye that beneath the gentle smile
 And the calm temper of a chastened mind,
 No warmth of passion kindles, and no tide
 Of quick and earnest feeling courses on
 From the warm heart's pulsations. There are springs
 Of deep and pure affection, hidden now,
 Within that quiet bosom, which but wait
 The thrilling of some kindly touch, to flow
 Like waters from the desert-rock of old.

Anon.

AMERICANS.

IN our position as a nation, in our natural situation as
 a country, things are arrayed for us on a scale of equal
 magnificence, wealth, and beauty. Verily we have a
 goodly heritage. We are placed amid boundless plains,
 noble mountain ranges, stupendous river-courses, lovely
 valleys, and scenes of perhaps never surpassed beauty.
 May our national character take its impression and hue
 from these bounties of Providence, from this glory and
 goodness of nature! May it be generous and liberal;

may it be lofty and humble, manly and beautiful, strong and graceful, powerful and free ! May there be in us and among us, restraint without sourness, freedom without licentiousness, refinement without effeminacy, virtue without stoicism, and religion without superstition.

O. Dewey.

THE UNITED STATES.

HERE the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race ?
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light
 Into the depth of ages ; we may trace,
 Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

W. C. Bryant.

INSPIRATION.

WE are perpetually hearing of the inspiration, rather than the cultivation of genius ; and that the merit of a painting, rather than the misfortune of the painter, consists in his being self-taught. The only excuse that can be made for so glaring a misuse of language, is, that it may serve the purpose of exciting in the vulgar mind higher notions of the influence of intellectual power. The constant labour and concentrated application which marked the lives of the most eminent painters, prove that immediate inspiration had little to do with the work

of their hands. Indeed, I know not what inspiration is, with regard to the fine arts ; unless it be the first moving spring of action—the desire—the thirst of excellence, obtained at any cost, which operates upon the talent and the will, prompting the one to seek, and the other to submit to, all the laborious, irksome, and difficult means which are necessary for the attainment of excellence.

S. Stickney.

BEAUTY AND GOOD SENSE.

SAY, why are beauties praised and honoured most ?
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's boast ?
Why decked with all that land or sea afford ?
Why angels called, and angel-like adored ?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains !

Pope.

EXCITEMENT.

ENTERTAINMENT and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of an artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds—to have communion with their images of what is godlike—and to take a part in the rapture of their love and the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture.

A. Cunningham.

STARS.

YE stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspiration to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
 a star.

Byron.

MEN OF GENIUS.

GREAT talents, when directed to improve and adorn society, can never be too highly esteemed, nor too conspicuously distinguished. Men of genius are seldom mercenary : as the characters which characterize them are above all price, so money alone, however necessary to their wants, can never be considered the adequate reward of their exertions. They require and deserve a nobler recompense—the homage of wisdom and virtue—the respect of their own times, and the regard of posterity. * * * Men of genius are luminous points on the great disk of society, which shine even after the sun of power and prosperity has withdrawn its beams, and rescue the nations they adorn, from total darkness in the long eclipse of time.

Commerce may make a people rich, and power may

render them formidable ; in the one case, they excite envy without admiration ; in the other, fear without respect. But exploits of intellect only can secure that genuine estimation, that grateful homage of the heart, which it is almost as honourable to pay as to receive. The powers of genius consecrate the claims of greatness, invest wealth with dignity, and add veneration.

M. A. Shee.

THE PAINTER'S SENTIMENT.*

THE BEAUTIFUL still is ours !

While the stream shall flow, and the sky shall glow,

The BEAUTIFUL still is ours !

Whatever is fair, or soft, or bright,

In the lap of day, or the arms of night.

Bulwer.

UTILITY AND ORNAMENT.

A PURE taste is of the first order of national benefits : it is a talisman which adorns every thing that it touches, and which touches every thing within the magic circle of its sway : there is nothing too high for its influence, or too low for its attention ; and while it mounts on wings of fire with the poet and the painter, to the highest heaven of invention, it descends with humble diligence to the aid of the mechanic at the anvil and the loom.

The ancients, sensible of its importance, neglected no means of cherishing those pursuits, through which only,

* Borrowed from the song of the Athenian in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

is it effectually to be gained. * * * They cultivated the utilities of life in its ornaments, and took the most certain mode of supplying the circulation of improvement by invigorating the source from which it flowed. Thus enlightened in their views, they were rewarded in a degree proportioned to the wisdom which governed them. A peculiar character of elegance and propriety pervaded the whole circle of their arts, which made even trifles interesting: and so little have the moderns to pride themselves on their advancement in these respects, that to have successfully imitated their productions, is the boast of our most ingenious manufactures.

M. A. Shee.

KINDRED OBJECTS.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire;

* * * * *

And hence the calm delight the Portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover views the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!

Rogers.

FANCY PIECES.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Swift.

TRUE GREATNESS.

YE proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great :
 Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise.

Dr. Beattie.

MAGNIFICENCE.

IT is the policy of a great nation to be liberal and magnificent ; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works. These are not the expenses that sap and mine the foundations of public prosperity ; that break in upon the capital, or lay waste the income of a state : they may be said to arise in her most enlightened views of general advantage ; to be among her best and most profitable speculations : they produce large returns of respect and consideration from our neighbours and competitors—of patriotic exultation among ourselves : they make men proud of their country, and, from priding in it, prompt in its defence : they play upon all the chords of generous feeling—elevate us above the animal and the machine, and make us triumph in the powers and attributes of man.

M. A. Shee.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

To appreciate the character of nations, as of men, it is necessary to take into our consideration the whole of its component parts. We must observe whether a nation has exerted itself in arms, excelled in science, been superior in ingenious industry, or, finally, eminent in the last accomplishment of our civil state.

* * * * *

The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed; they were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest of men: in the short space of little more than one century, they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period as a providential event in honour of human nature, to show to what perfection the species might ascend.

* * * * *

“Noble contention! who should most excel
 In government well poised, adjusted best
 To public weal; in countries cultured high;
 In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
 Free social life, and polished manners fair;
 In exercise and arms; arms only drawn
 For common Greece, to quell the Turkish pride;
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.”

* * * * *

The fame handed down to us of the Athenian state, is that which presents itself to our reflection under the most

grateful hues. When we combine in one idea their conspicuous examples of valour, of public spirit, and its attendant self-denial ; with their knowledge equally profound and polite ; their refined taste, and their unrivalled eminence in the fine arts ;—the assemblage cannot but form in our minds and hearts a *national character*, which it would be a prouder and more gratifying boast to surpass, than any other with which we are acquainted.

P. Hoare.

VISION OF ART.

I DREAMT that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters who are dead. On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceedingly slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a riband, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-counselors. In a word, all his men were *petits-maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures

was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together ; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name, that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream ; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of quite a different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face ; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great

part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them ; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out “ Fire.”

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery ; there were, indeed, several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye toward that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead ; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once : for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael’s figures stood in one row, Titian’s in another, Guido Reni’s in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Annibal Carrachi, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. * * *

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side the gallery) creeping up and down, from one

picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me ; I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time. Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

Addison.

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